

POLICE

10¢

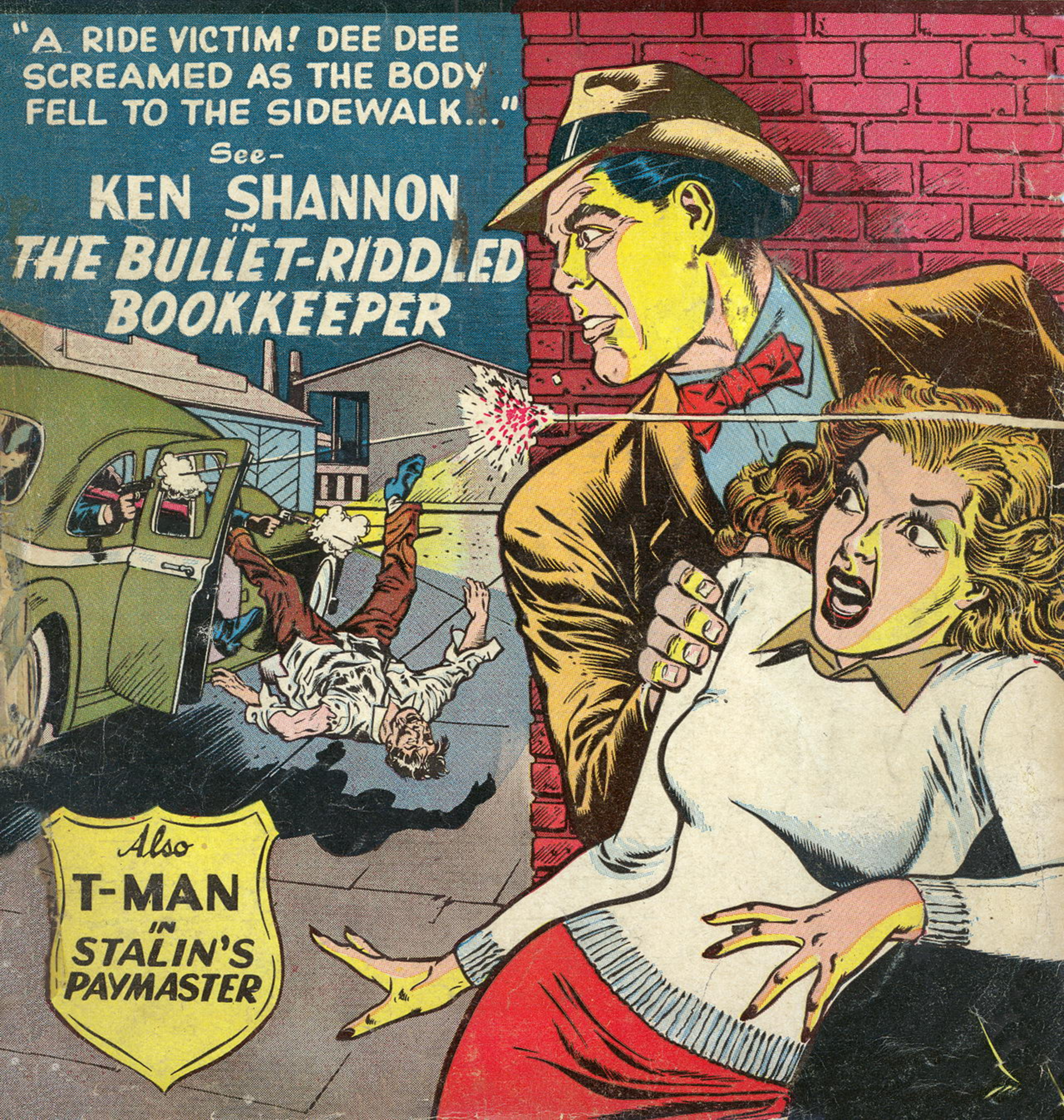
COMICS

JULY No.117

"A RIDE VICTIM! DEE DEE
SCREAMED AS THE BODY
FELL TO THE SIDEWALK..."

See-

KEN SHANNON
IN
**THE BULLET-RIDDLED
BOOKKEEPER**



Also
T-MAN
IN
**STALIN'S
PAYMASTER**



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KEN SHANNON



IN MY RACKET YOU CAN'T ALWAYS BE CHOOSY ABOUT WHO PAYS YOUR OVERHEAD, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO WORKING FOR MOBSTERS LIKE MICKEY MARRONE, I DRAW THE LINE! YET WHEN HE DECIDED TO HIRE ME TO FIND ONE OF HIS MISSING THUGS, I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE! IF I WANTED TO SEE MY SECRETARY, DEE DEE AGAIN, I HAD TO TRACK DOWN THE KILLER OF... THE BULLET RIDDLED BOOKKEEPER!

Jumbo Danky



THE ONLY THING THAT DISTINGUISHED HIM FROM AN ELEPHANT WAS THE WAY HE FORGOT TO HIDE A CLUE.

Mickey Marrone



I'D SOONER HAVE WORKED FOR A RATTLE-SNAKE, BUT I COULDN'T REFUSE THE JOB!

Honey



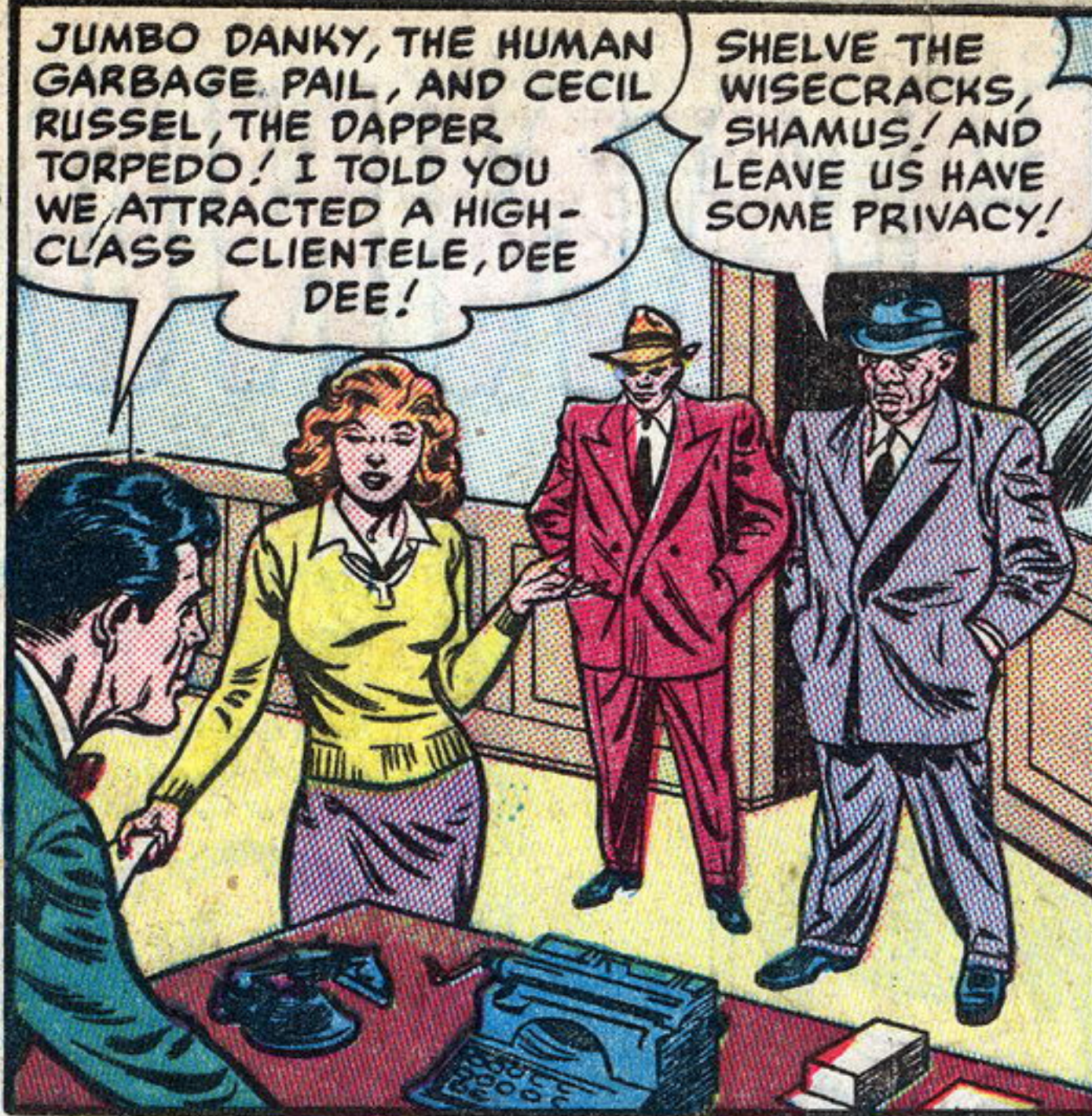
WHEN A MURDERER SETS A TRAP, HE USES THE SWEETEST POSSIBLE BAIT... "HONEY."

Fat Frankie



...NEVER BELIEVED SAYING- "NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN!" BUT IN FRANKIE'S CASE, I MADE AN EXCEPTION!

I RECOGNIZED MICKEY MARRONE'S GOONS THE MINUTE DEE DEE USHERED THEM INTO MY OFFICE THAT AFTER-NOON!



JUMBO DANKY, THE HUMAN GARBAGE PAIL, AND CECIL RUSSEL, THE DAPPER TORPEDO! I TOLD YOU WE ATTRACTED A HIGH-CLASS CLIENTELE, DEE DEE!

SHELVE THE WISECRACKS, SHAMUS! AND LEAVE US HAVE SOME PRIVACY!



CECIL... BLOW!

ER... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER WAIT IN THE RECEPTION ROOM, DEE DEE! CRUMBS LIKE THIS SOMETIMES MAKE ME FORGET I'M A GENTLEMAN!



I REQUEST PRIVACY BECAUSE MR. MARRONE ASKS ME TO DELIVER A CONFIDENTIAL MESSAGE! IN SHORT, HE IS DESIROUS OF USING YOUR SOIVICES!

MR. MARRONE? LOOK, JUMBO, I KNEW MICKEY WHEN HE WAS A TWO-BIT PUNK!



AH-AH! DON'T TELL ME! HE'S GIVING A TEA PARTY AND HE WANTS ME TO GUARD THE FINGER BOWLS!

MR. MARRONE PREFERS TO DISCUSS DA NATURE OF DIS ASSIGNMENT PERSONAL!



I WOULDN'T WORK FOR THAT SCUM FOR ALL TH... UH!

WE WILL GO NOW AND VISIT MR. MARRONE, MR. SHANNON!



YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID, JUMBO!

OOF!



I DETEST PEOPLE WHO STICK GUNS INTO MY BACK!

AUGH!



OKAY, CECIL! CARRY YOUR CHUM OUT OF MY OFFICE AND... DEE DEE! SHE'S GONE!

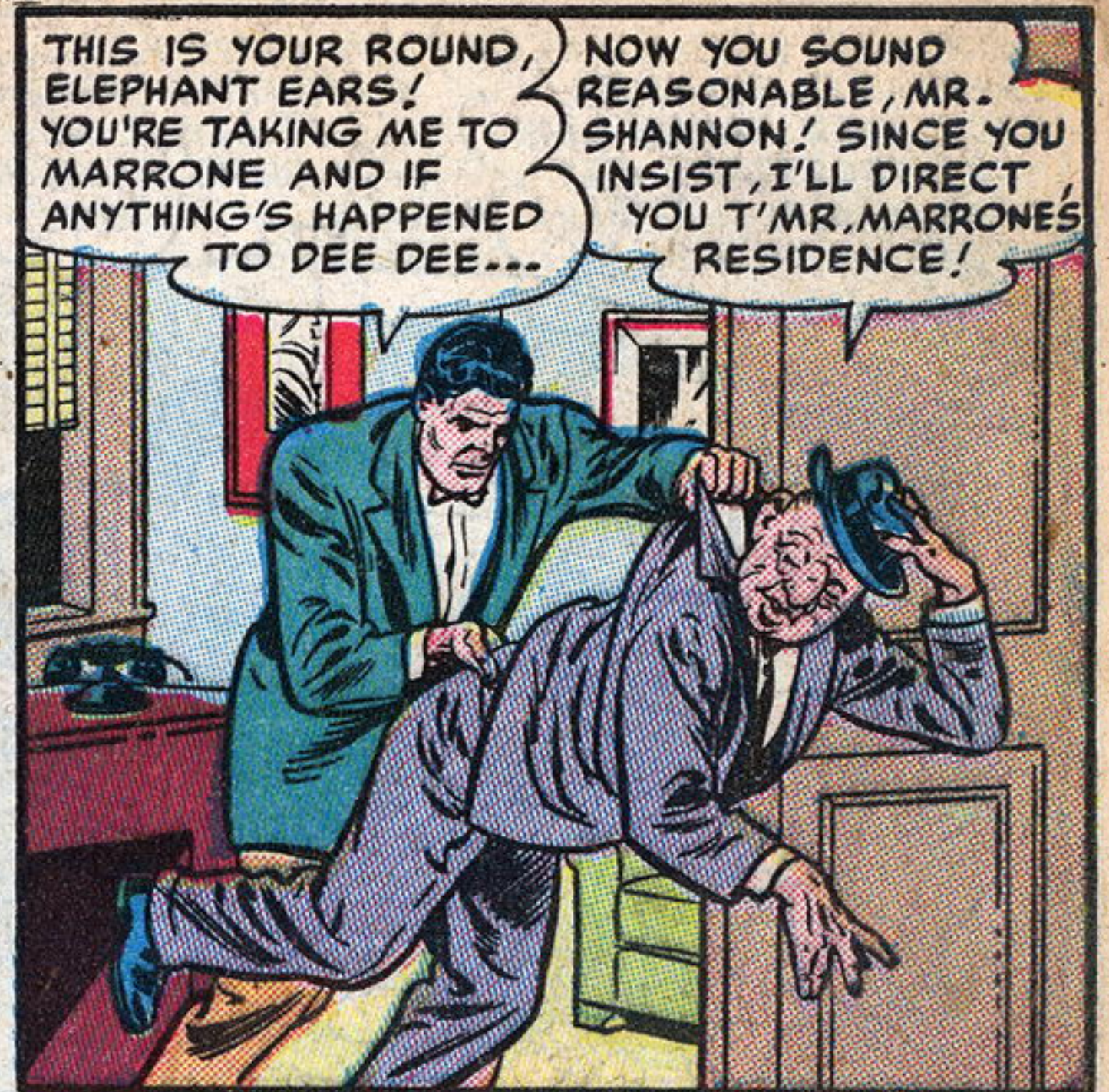
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COULD HAVE KICKED MYSELF FOR LEAVING DEE DEE ALONE WITH THAT MANICURED HOOD! SOMEBODY WAS GOING TO PAY... PLENTY!



WAKE UP, JUMBO! OPEN YOUR EYES BEFORE I CLOSE 'EM PERMANENTLY!

UH? WHAT HAPPENED? WH...?



THIS IS YOUR ROUND, ELEPHANT EARS! YOU'RE TAKING ME TO MARRONE AND IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO DEE DEE...

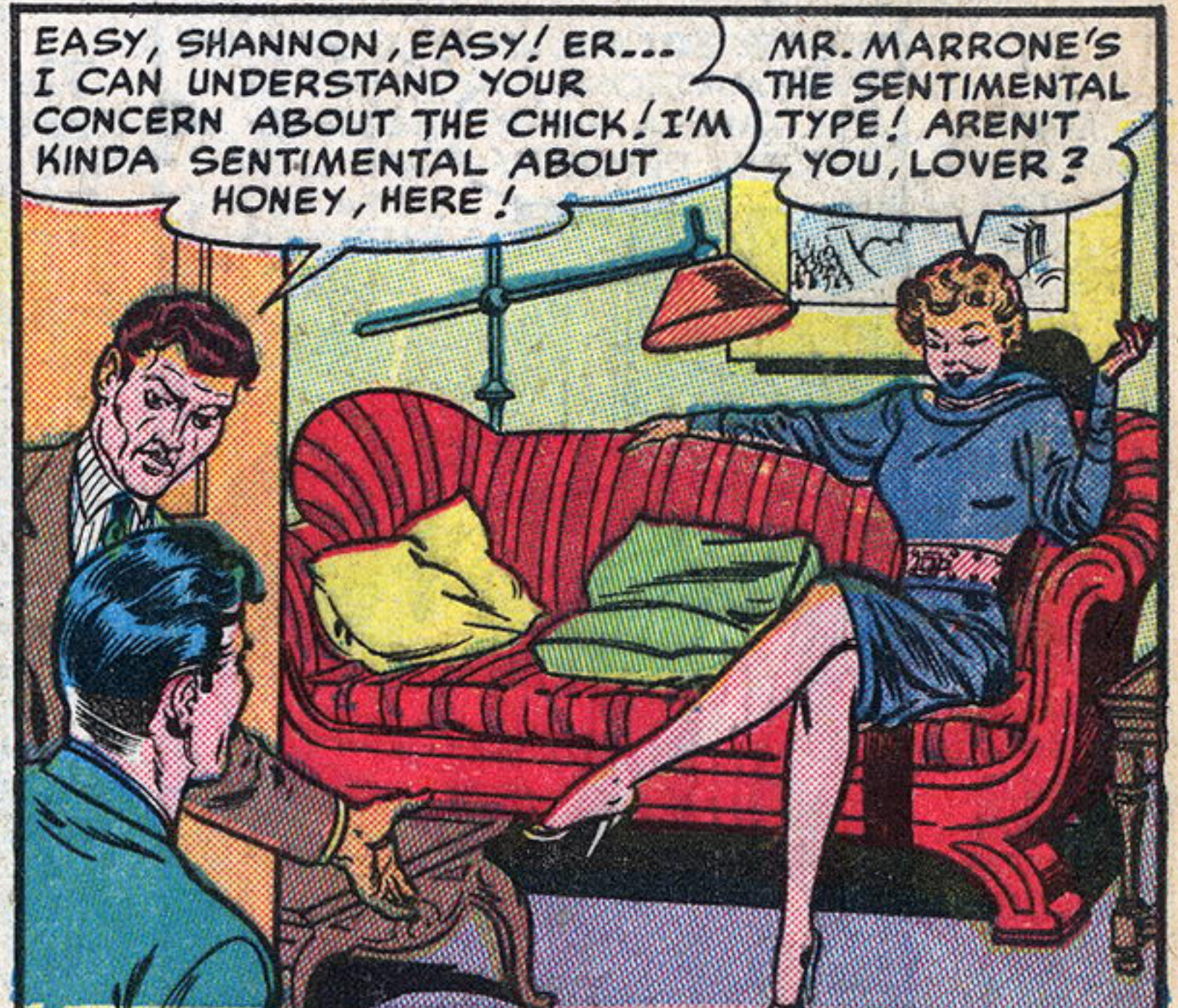
NOW YOU SOUND REASONABLE, MR. SHANNON! SINCE YOU INSIST, I'LL DIRECT YOU T' MR. MARRONE'S RESIDENCE!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER A CAB DROPPED US OFF AT A SWANK APARTMENT ON LODESTONE DRIVE! AND THE RECEPTION I GOT MADE ME THINK OF OLD HOME WEEK IN SOUTH BURLAP, IOWA!



KEN SHANNON! I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU! COME ON IN!

CUT OUT THE BUDDY ACT, MARRONE! WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHERE'S DEE DEE?



EASY, SHANNON, EASY! ER... I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERN ABOUT THE CHICK! I'M KINDA SENTIMENTAL ABOUT HONEY, HERE!

MR. MARRONE'S THE SENTIMENTAL TYPE! AREN'T YOU, LOVER?



LISTEN, I'VE HAD A BELLYFUL OF THIS "MISTER MARRONE" GUFF! WHAT'S YOUR GAME, MICKEY?

FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGET MY SHADY PAST, SHANNON! I'M A BUSINESS-MAN NOW!



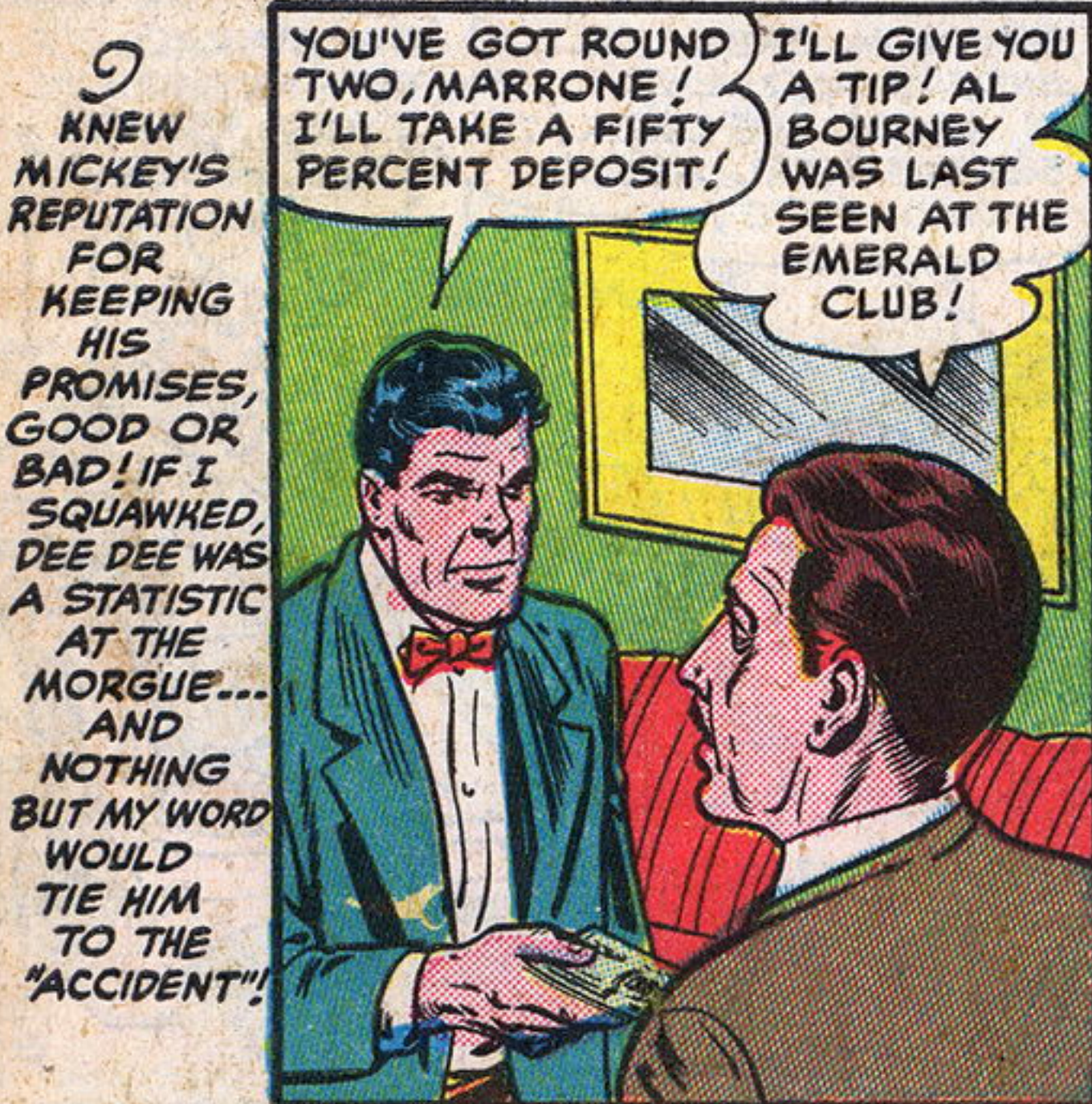
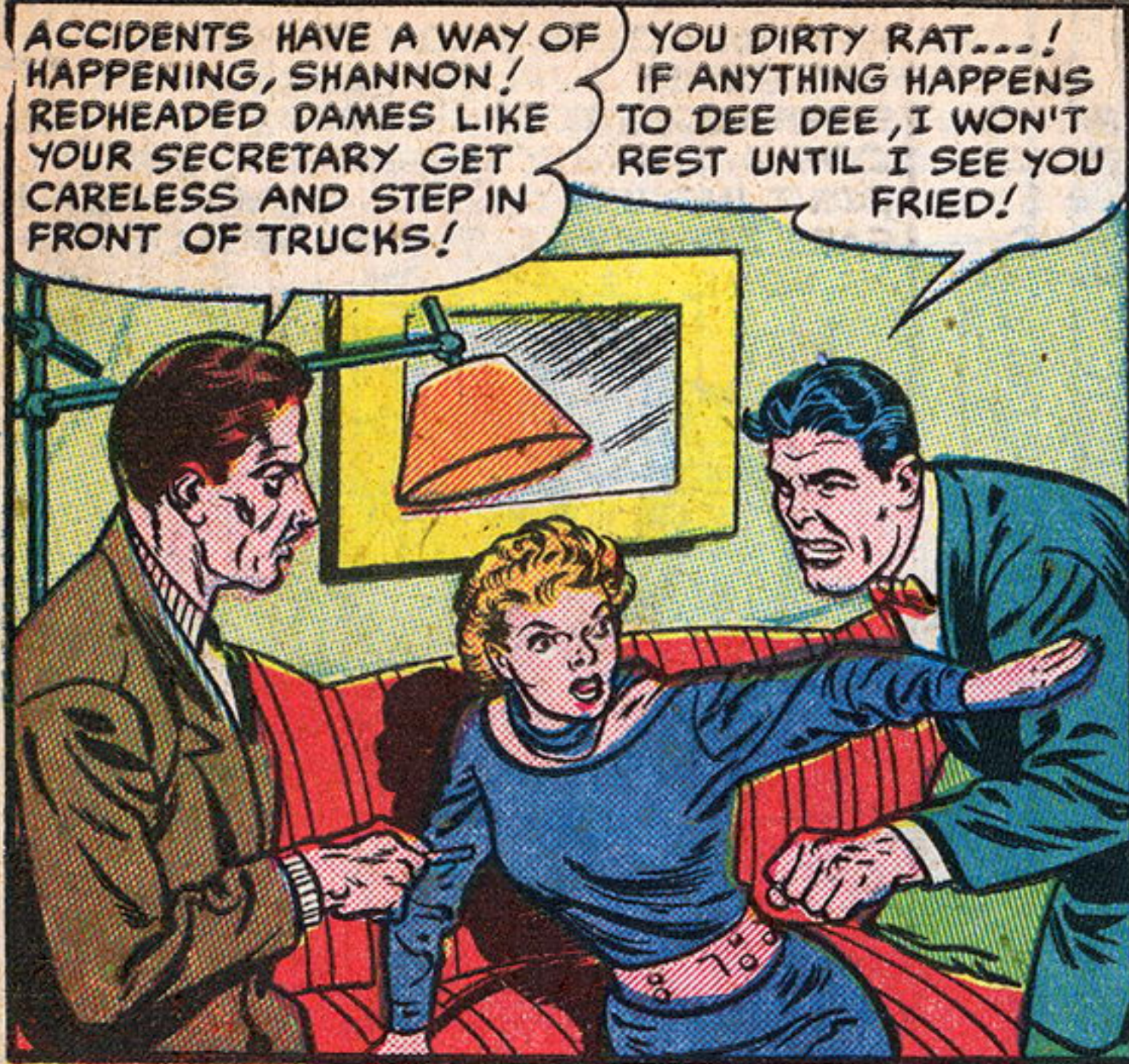
I...ER... MAKE LEGITIMATE INVESTMENTS AND PUBLISH A RACING FORM! I LIVE A CLEAN, WHOLE-SOME LIFE! SO MY OLD COMPETITORS DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!

SOMEBODY PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON YOU, I HOPE!

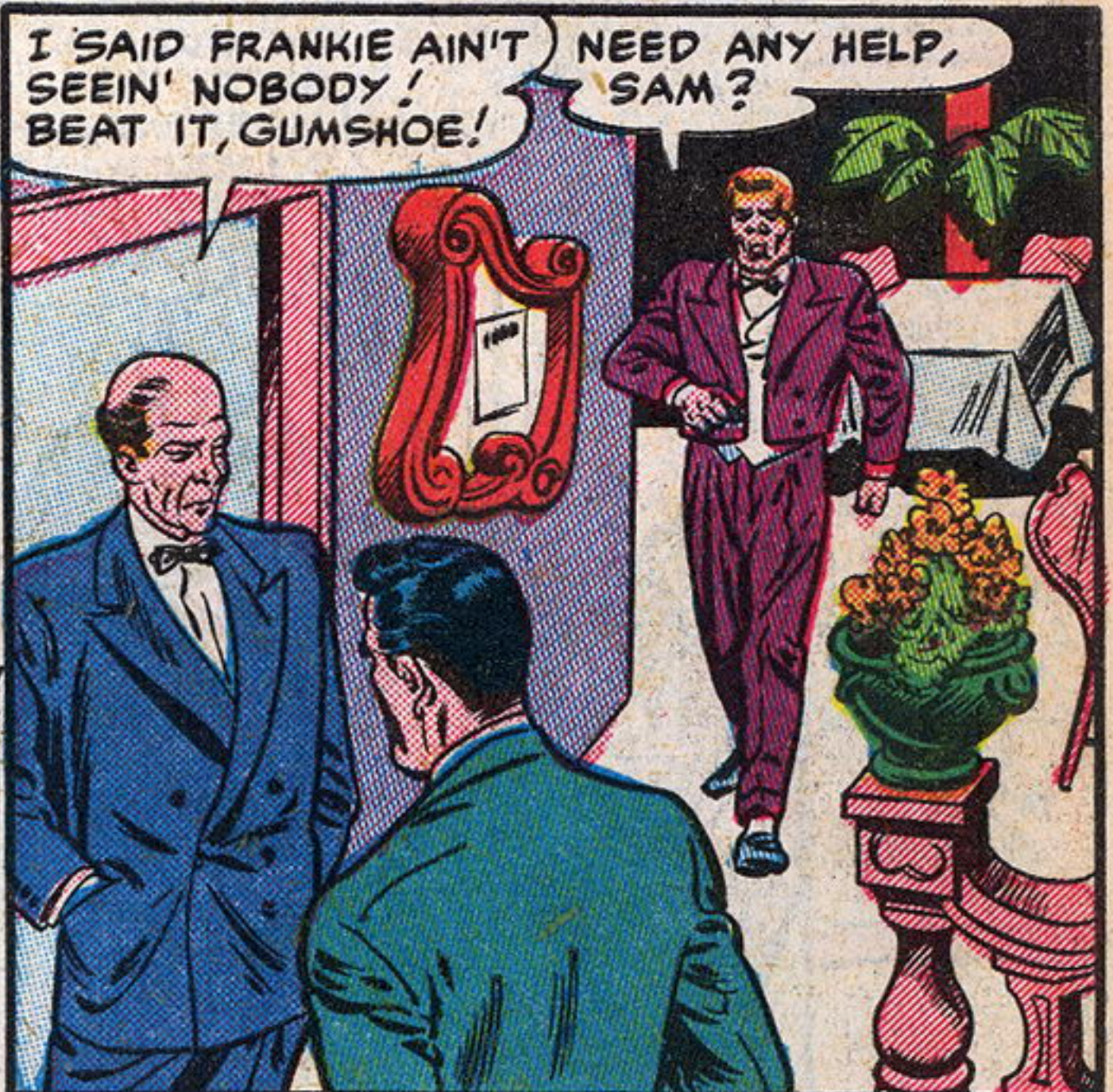


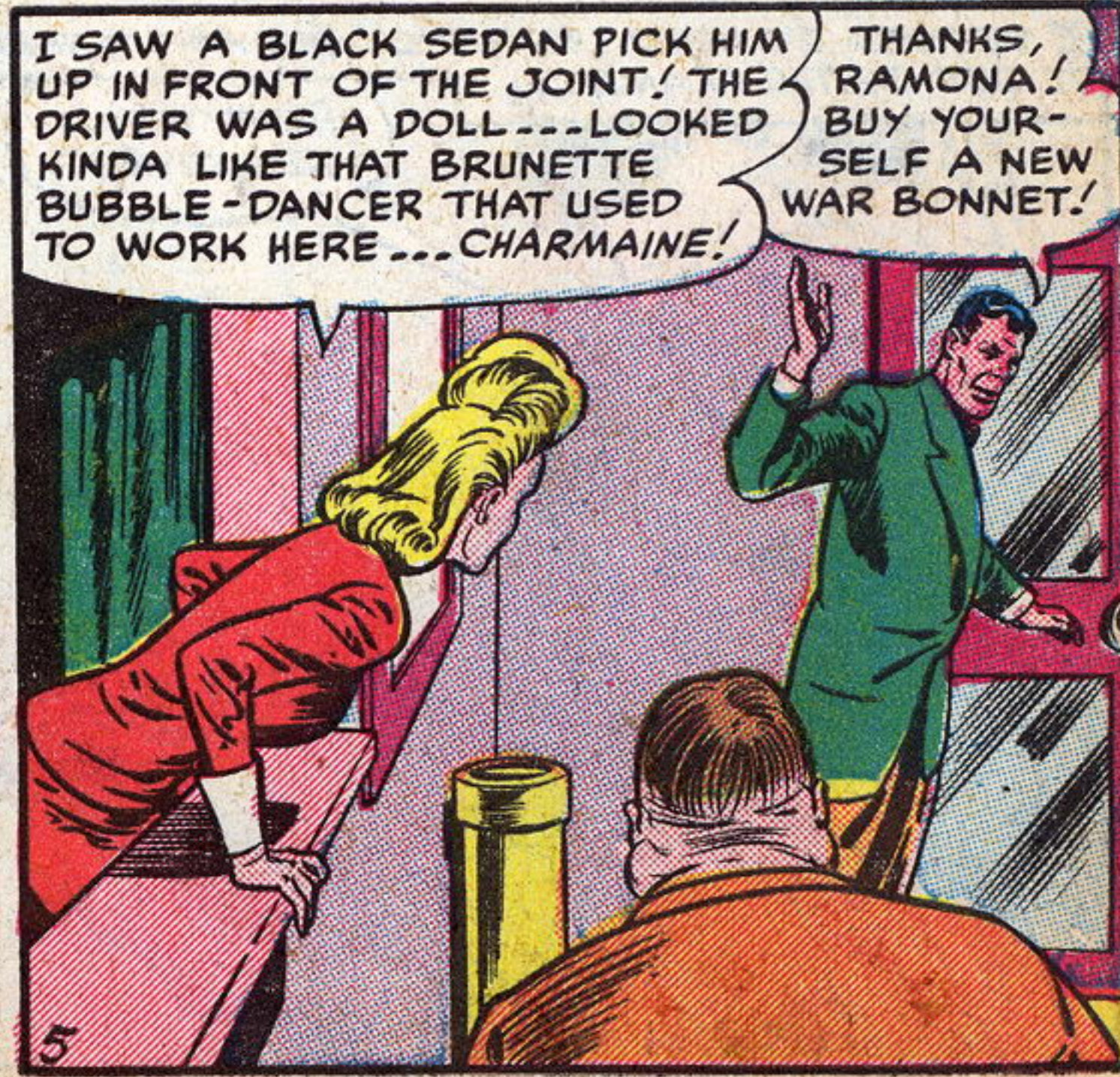
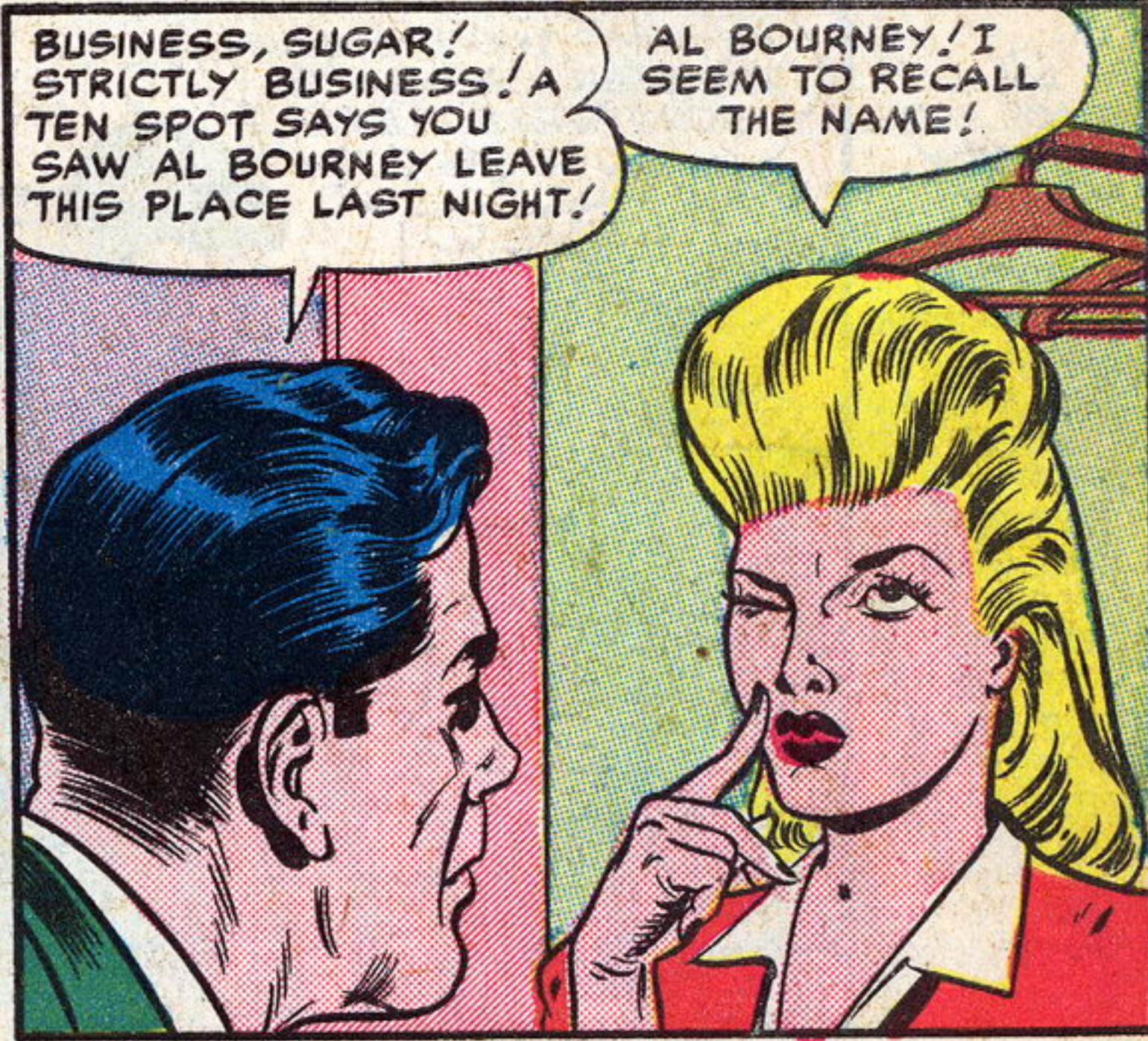
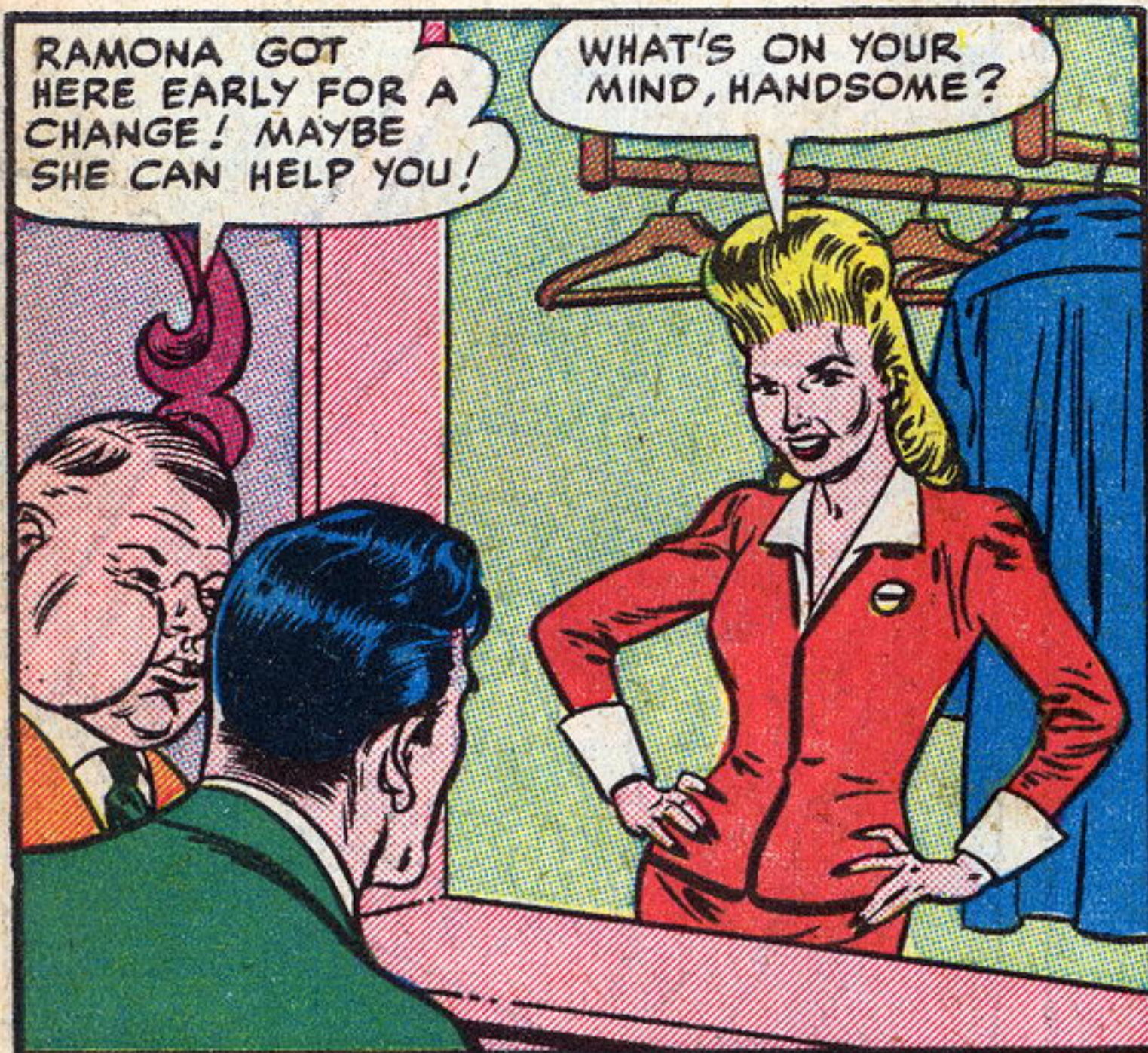
SOMEBODY PUT THE SNATCH ON AL BOURNEY, MY FINANCIAL MANAGER! THAT'S YOUR JOB, SHANNON! FIND HIM!

WHAT IF I DON'T WANT YOUR BLASTED JOB?



THE EMERALD CLUB IS A PLUSH DIVE RUN BY FAT FRANKIE FARRADAY, ONE OF MICKEY'S ERSTWHILE COMPETITORS IN A VARIETY OF RACKETS! IT SEEMED LIKE A REASONABLE PLACE TO START!





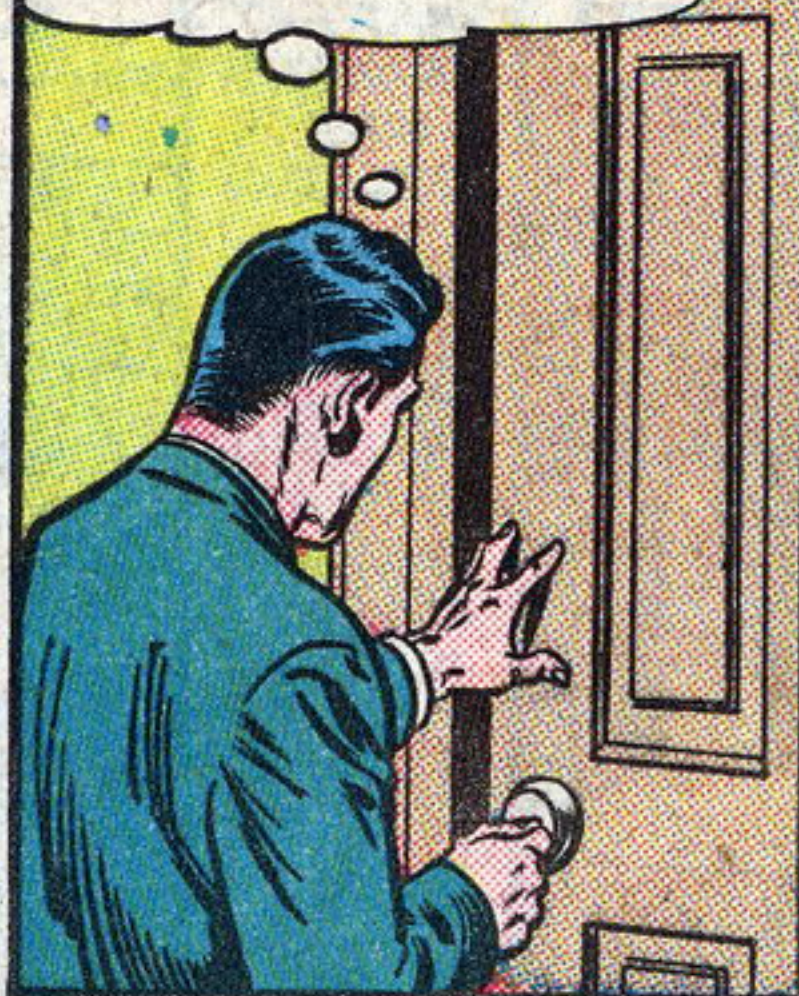
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ONE OF FAT FRANKIE'S EX-EMPLOYEES HAD KEPT A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH AL BOURNEY! I HAD A HUNCH WHERE I'D LEARN MORE ABOUT "CHARMAINE"!



TEN MINUTES LATER A PASS KEY OPENED MY WAY INTO AL BOURNEY'S APARTMENT!

WONDER IF MICKEY'S BOYS BOTHERED TO LOOK FOR AL HERE!

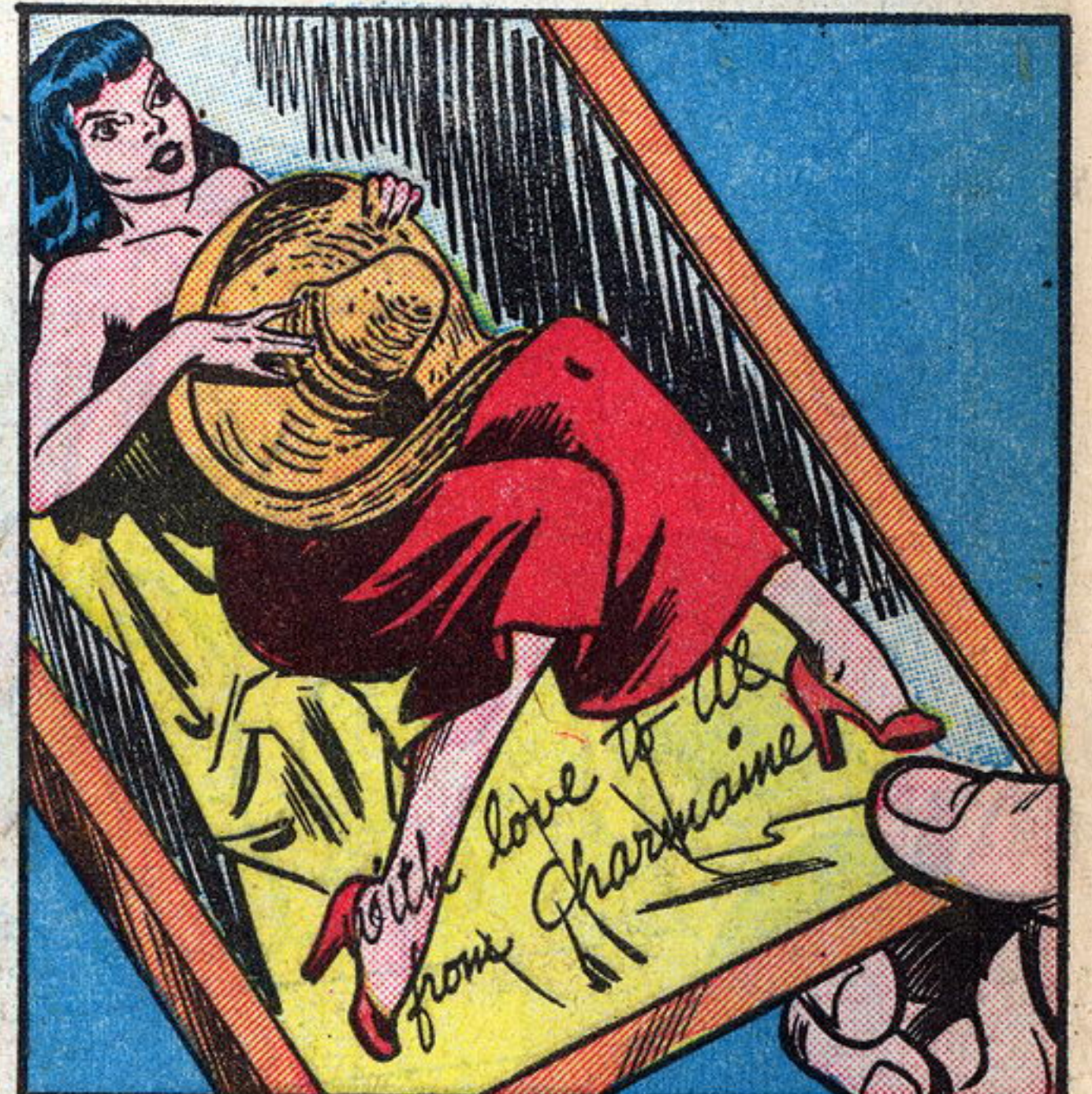


BROTHER! SOMEBODY WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING!



Al's PLACE HAD LITERALLY BEEN TURNED INSIDE OUT... PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT WAS STREWN OVER THE FLOOR! BUT THE ONE ITEM OF INTEREST TO ME HAD BEEN COMPLETELY IGNORED!

MY, ISN'T THIS TOUCHING! I'VE SEEN CHARMAINE SOMEWHERE... BUT WHERE?

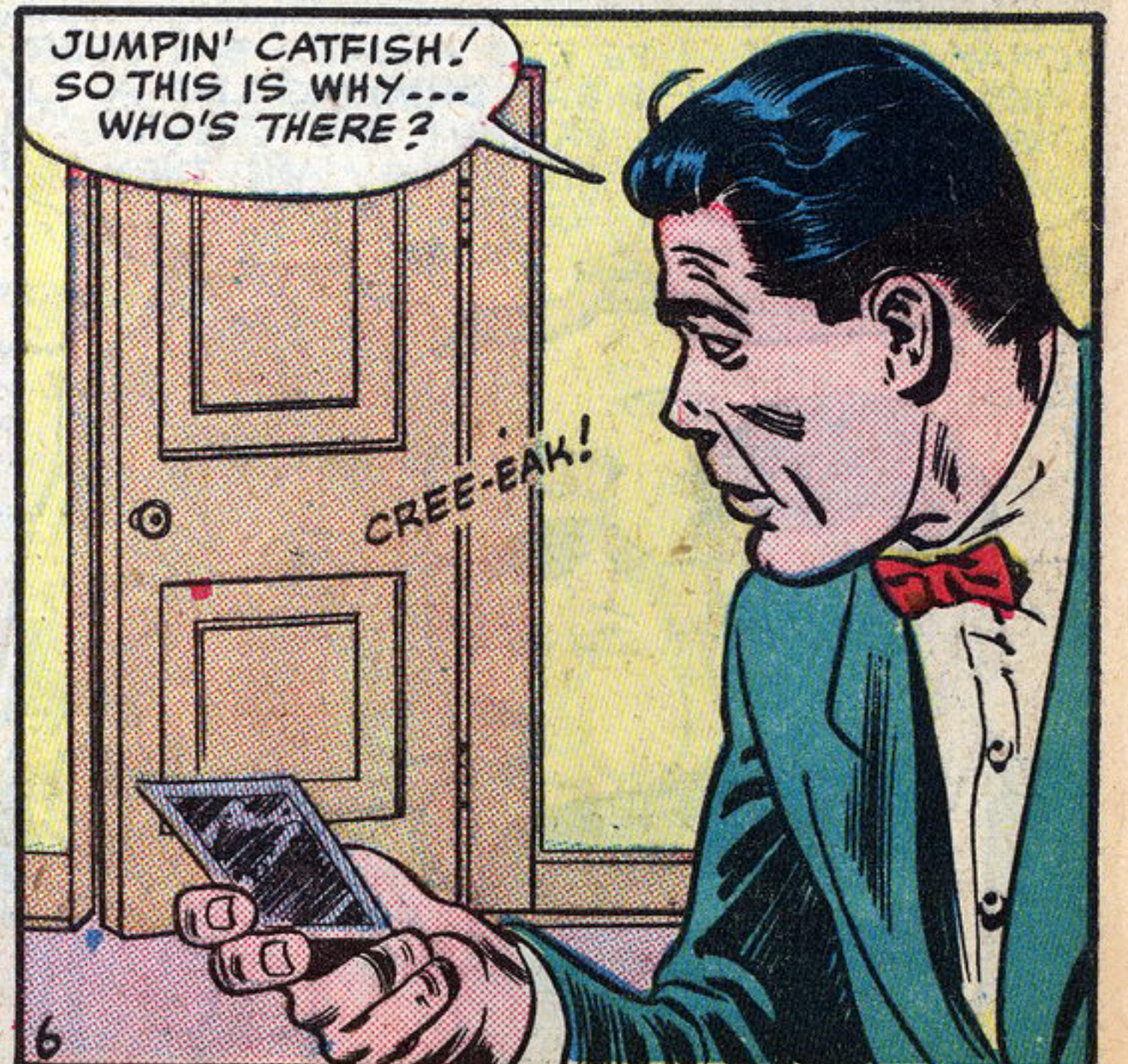


I DECIDED I'D NEED THE PHOTO! BUT AS I YANKED IT OUT OF THE FRAME...

WHAT THE... NEGATIVES!



JUMPIN' CATFISH! SO THIS IS WHY... WHO'S THERE?



I WHIRLED AROUND THE SECOND I HEARD THE DOOR CREAK OPEN, BUT I WAS TOO LATE! I HEARD THE CLICK OF A LIGHT SWITCH AND OUT OF THE DARK SOMEBODY CAME AT ME!



WANNA PLAY POST-OFFICE, EH?

OWOOO!



I KEPT SWINGING IN THE DARK, KNOWING THAT ANYBODY I HIT WOULD HAVE IT COMING! AND SUDDENLY...



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I LAY THERE, BUT THE LIGHTS WERE BACK ON WHEN I CAME TO!



THE PICTURE! WHOEVER CLONKED ME GOT THAT PICTURE AND THOSE NEGATIVES!



And THEN I SNIFFED A FAMILIAR SCENT IN THE AIR! A SCENT THAT TOLD ME I'D BEEN PLAYED FOR A SUCKER!

MISTER SHANNON, YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF STUPID THINGS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE BEEN USED TO ALIBI FOR A KILLER!



AL BOURNEY'S PHONE WAS PROBABLY TAPPED, SO I CALLED MY PAL, LT. ART CLYDE OF HOMICIDE, FROM THE NEAREST PAY BOOTH!

I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, ART! MEET ME AT THE MORGUE AS FAST AS YOU CAN GET THERE! THAT STIFF I THINK YOUR BOYS JUST HAULED IN INTRIGUES ME!



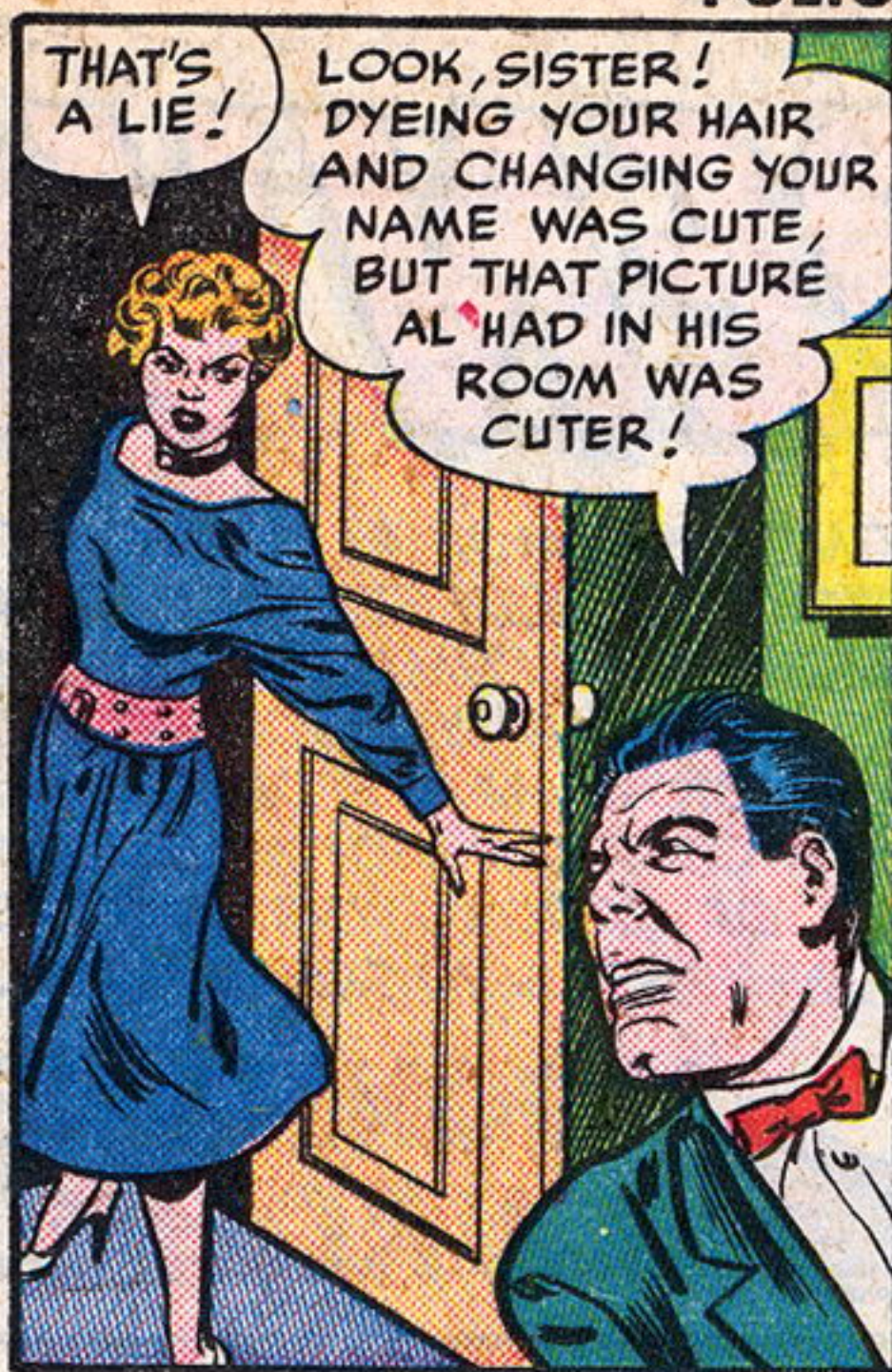
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SO YOU HAD HIM BUMPED OFF AND TRIED TO THROW SUSPICION ON FAT FRANKIE'S MOB BY HIRING ME! YOU EVEN USED AL'S EX-GIRL-FRIEND FOR BAIT TO GET HIM WHERE YOU COULD DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!



THAT'S A LIE!

LOOK, SISTER! DYEING YOUR HAIR AND CHANGING YOUR NAME WAS CUTE, BUT THAT PICTURE AL HAD IN HIS ROOM WAS CUTER!



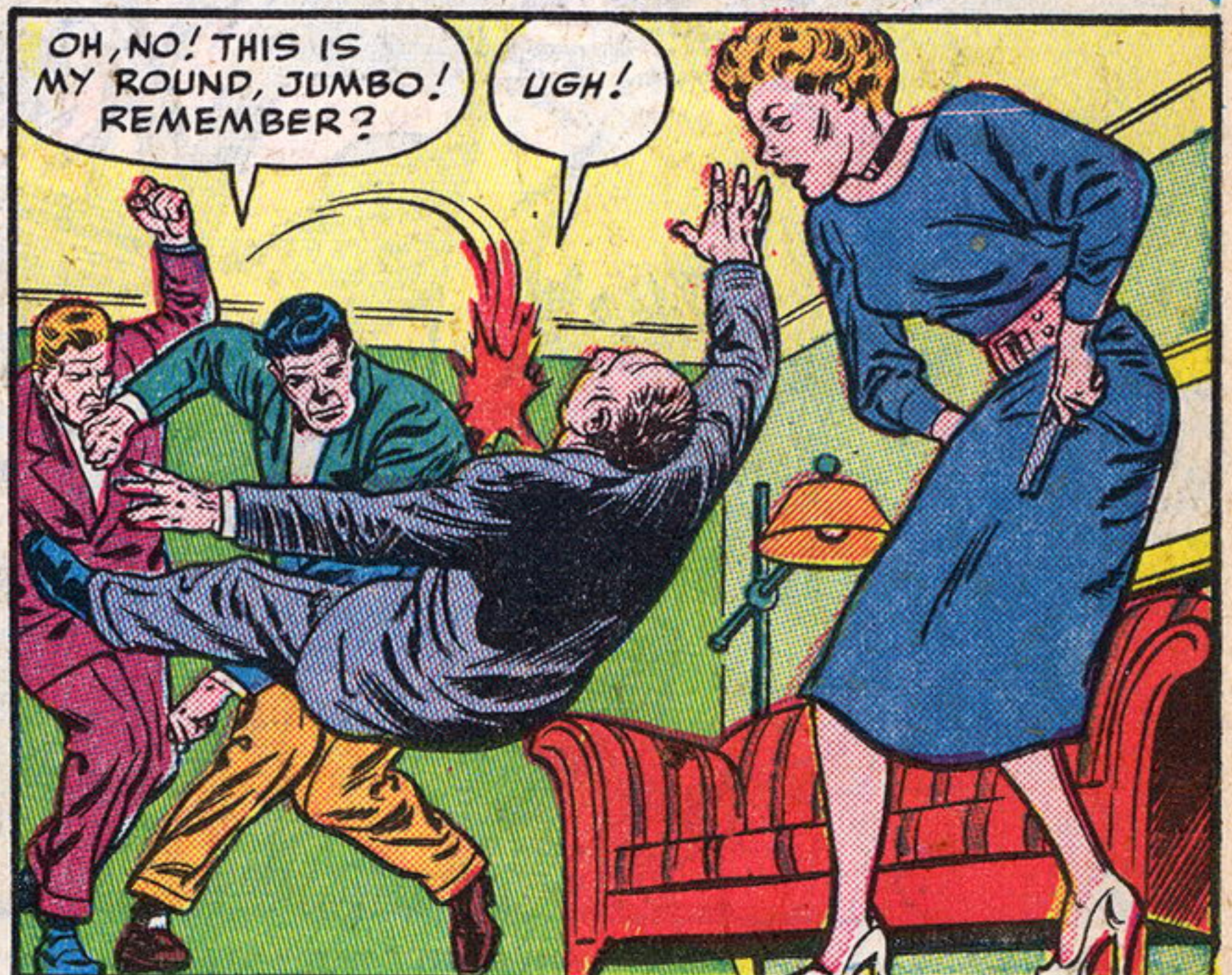
THAT FOOL JUMBO! I TOLD HIM TO GET THAT PICTURE!

OH, HE CAME BACK TO GET IT AFTER YOU REMINDED HIM! HE EVEN FOUND THE NEGATIVES HE MISSED WHEN YOU HAD HIM RANSACK THE PLACE EARLIER!



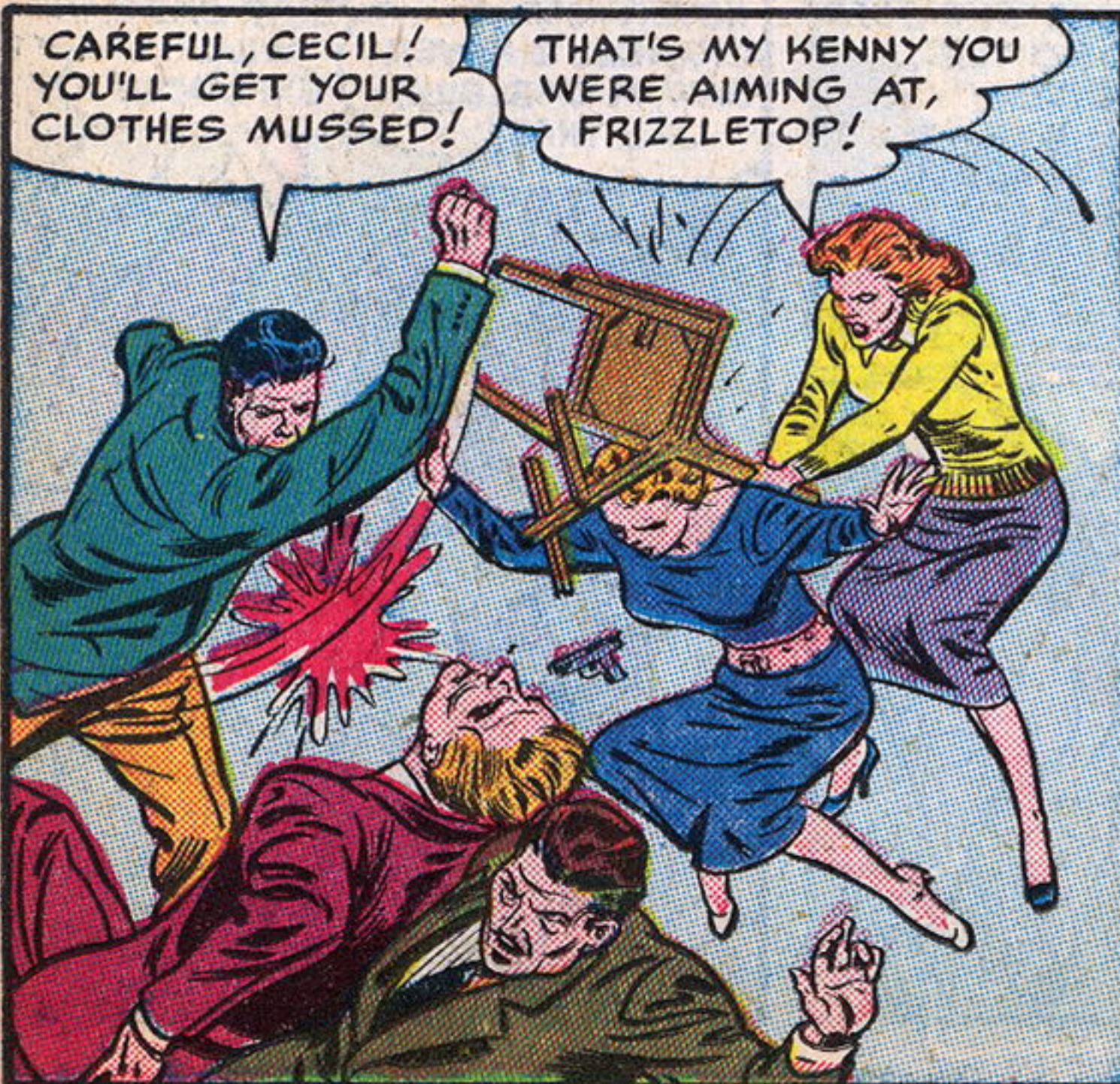
BUT HE LEFT A WHIFF OF PEANUTS AND THAT'S GOING TO BURN YOU, MISTER MARRONE!

TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS!



OH, NO! THIS IS MY ROUND, JUMBO! REMEMBER?

UGH!



CAREFUL, CECIL! YOU'LL GET YOUR CLOTHES MUSSUED!

THAT'S MY KENNY YOU WERE AIMING AT, FRIZZLETOP!



And A SHORT TIME LATER...

INCOME TAX EVASION AND MURDER! TSK! TSK! YOU'VE BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY, MICKEY!

HE LIKES TO BE CALLED MR. MARRONE, ART!



HE'S GONNA ANSWER TO A NUMBER, NOT A NAME, WHERE HE'S GOING, KEN!

IN THAT CASE HE WON'T MIND US BORROWING THIS APARTMENT FOR A CELEBRATION! IT'S NOT EVERY DAY WE MAKE AN HONEST GRAND, RIGHT, DEE DEE?

INSPECTOR DENVER

SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL, THE GREEDY TOP-DOG HAS SOUGHT TO SQUEEZE OUT THE LITTLE FELLOW ...WHETHER IN LEGITIMATE BUSINESS OR ILLEGAL RACKETS! WHEN A DILAPIDATED OLD CAR ROARED PAST INSPECTOR MARTY DENVER OF HOMICIDE, LEAVING A CHARRED VICTIM BEHIND, THE INVINCIBLE NEMESIS OF CROOKS GOT ON THE TRAIL OF DEATH-ON-WHEELS IN THE WEIRD...

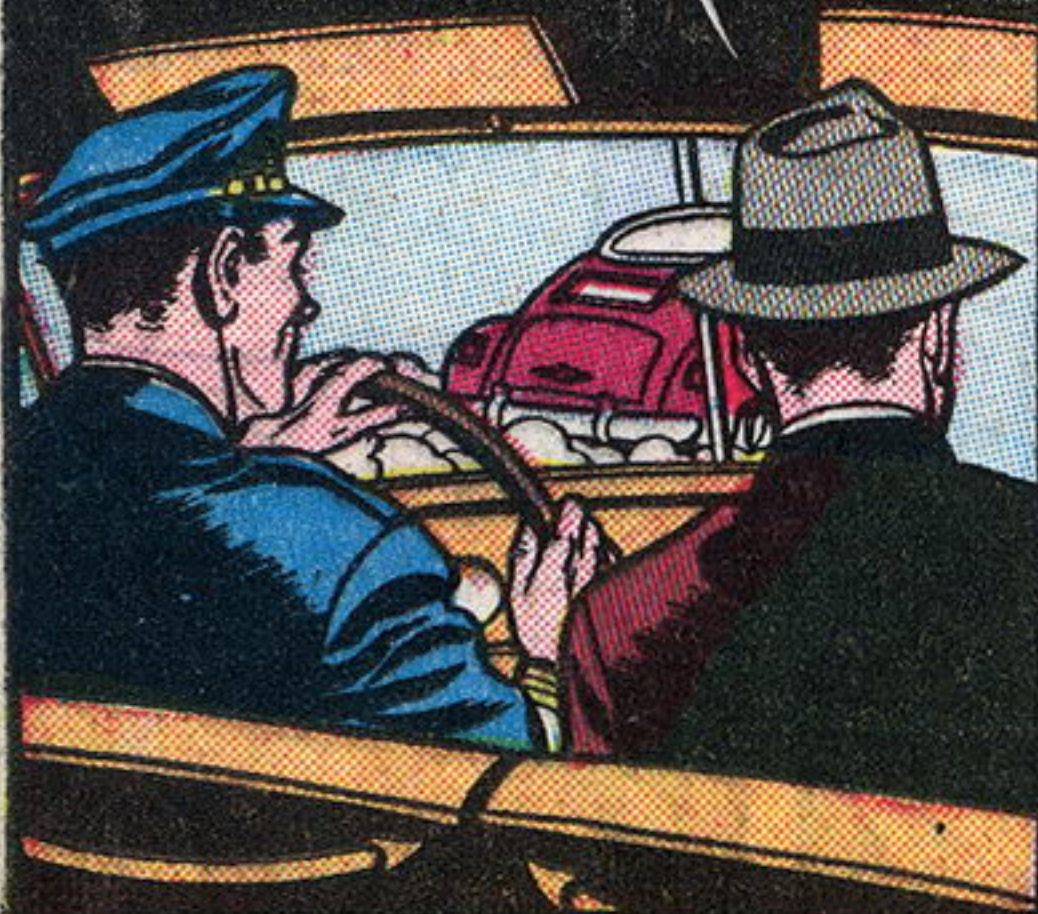
MOONSHINE MURDERS!



ONE SUMMER DAY ON A ROUTINE PATROL...

HOLY SMOKE! THAT OLD HEAP MUST BE DOING NINETY!

SOUPED UP LIKE A HOT-ROD! BETTER TAIL THAT BIRD, CASSIDY!



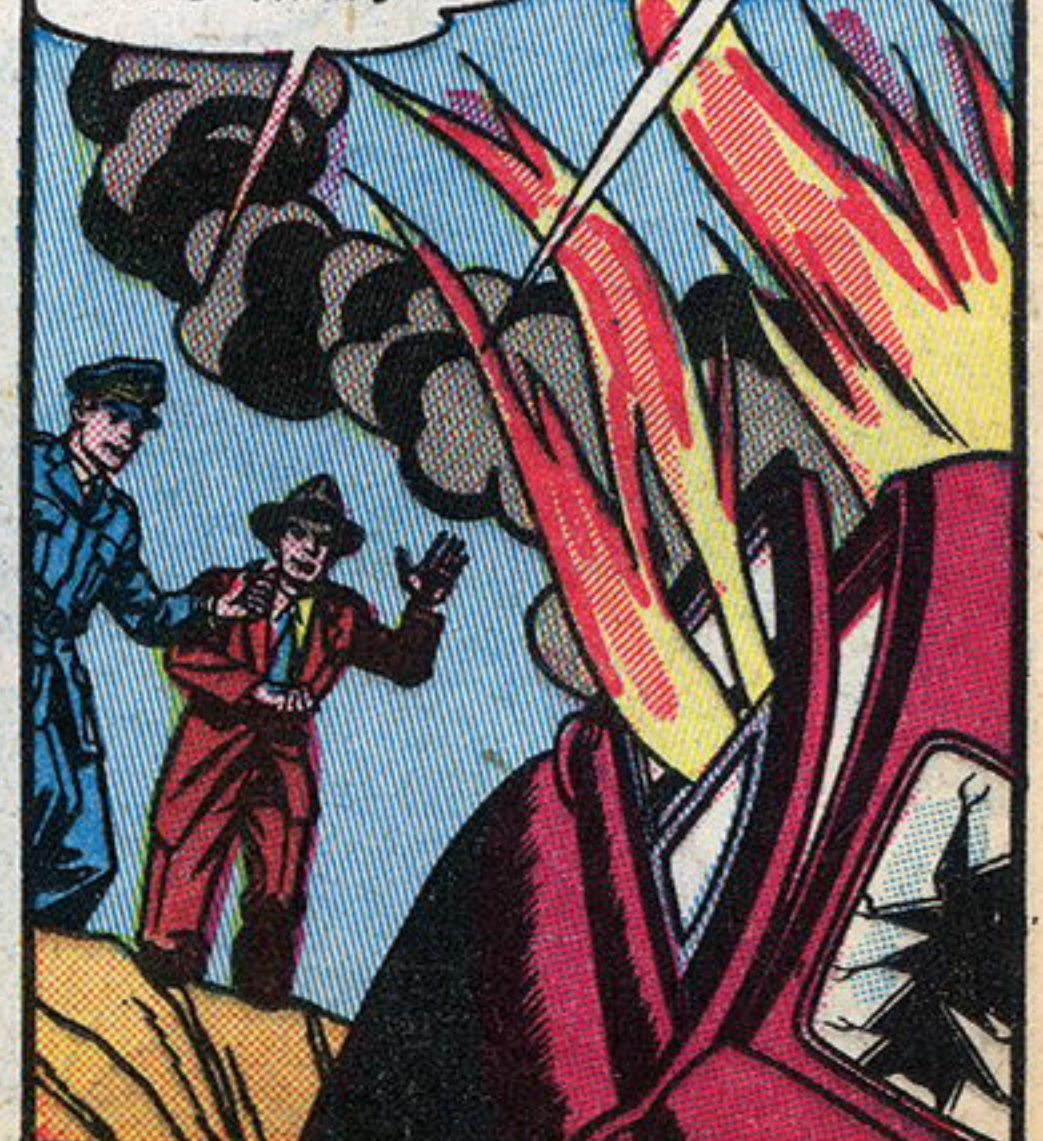
YEAH, STEP ON IT, CASSIDY! LOOKS LIKE A CAR IS BURNING UP AHEAD!

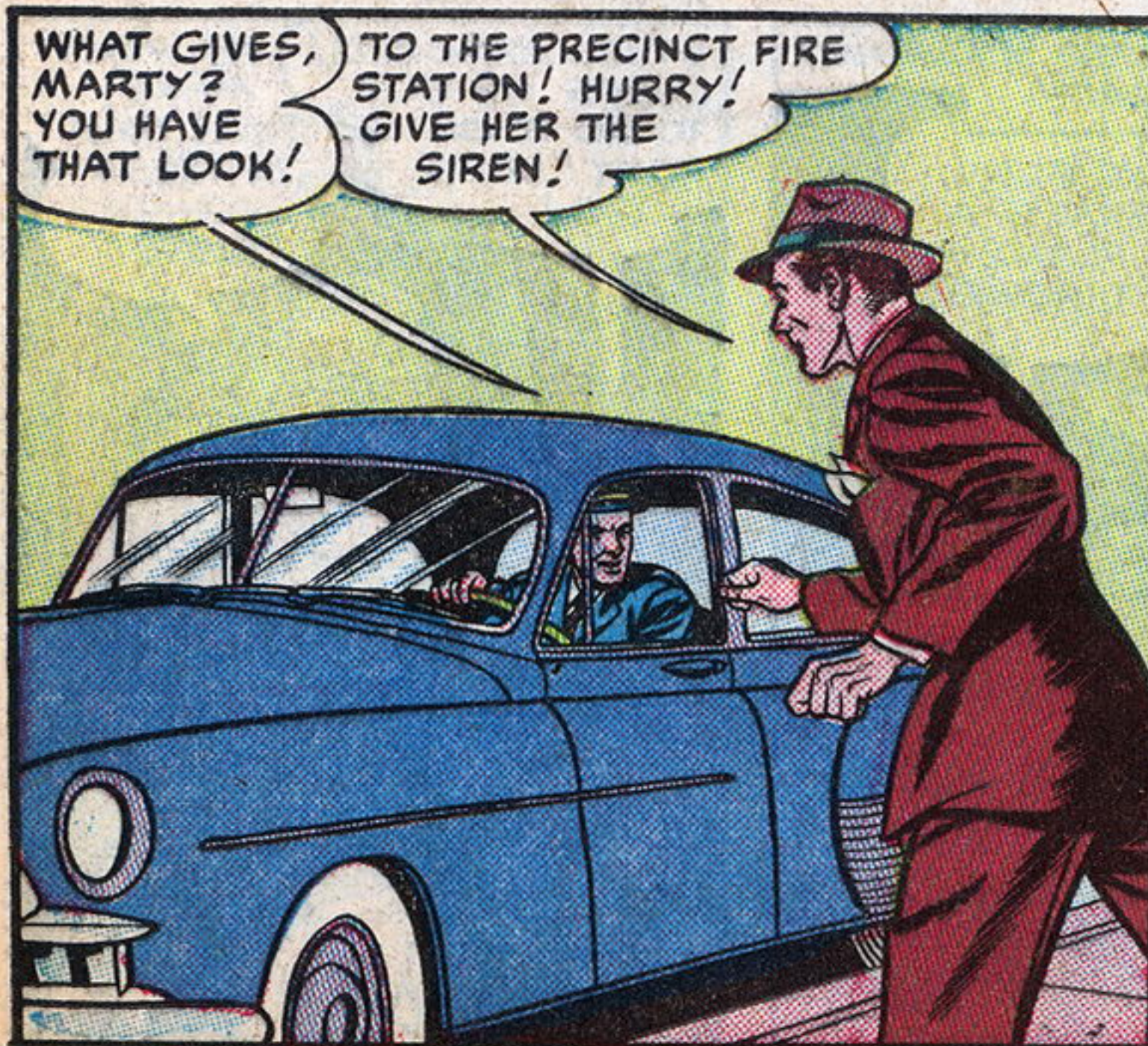
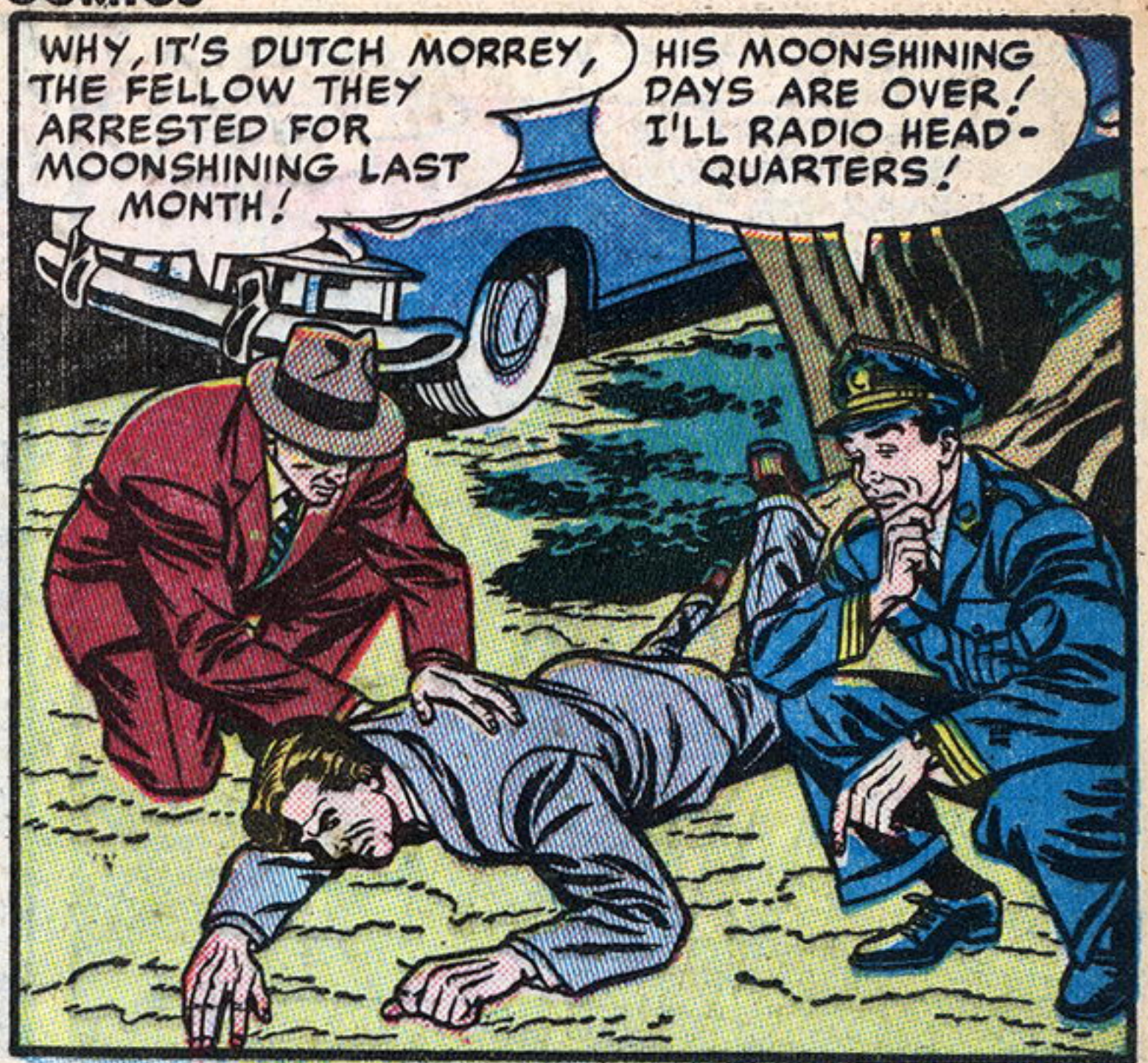
I'LL SAY! AND THERE SHE GOES INTO THE DITCH!



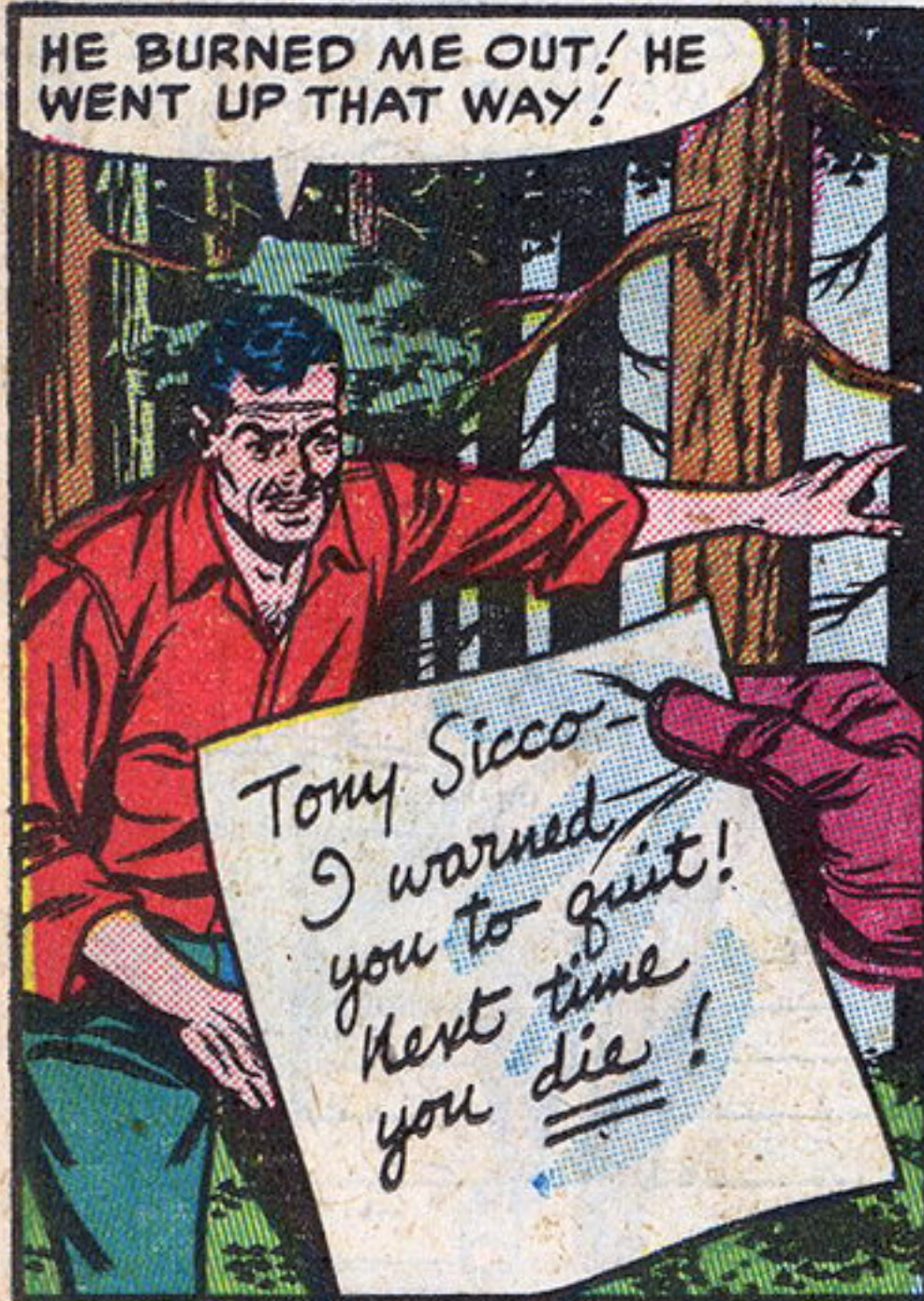
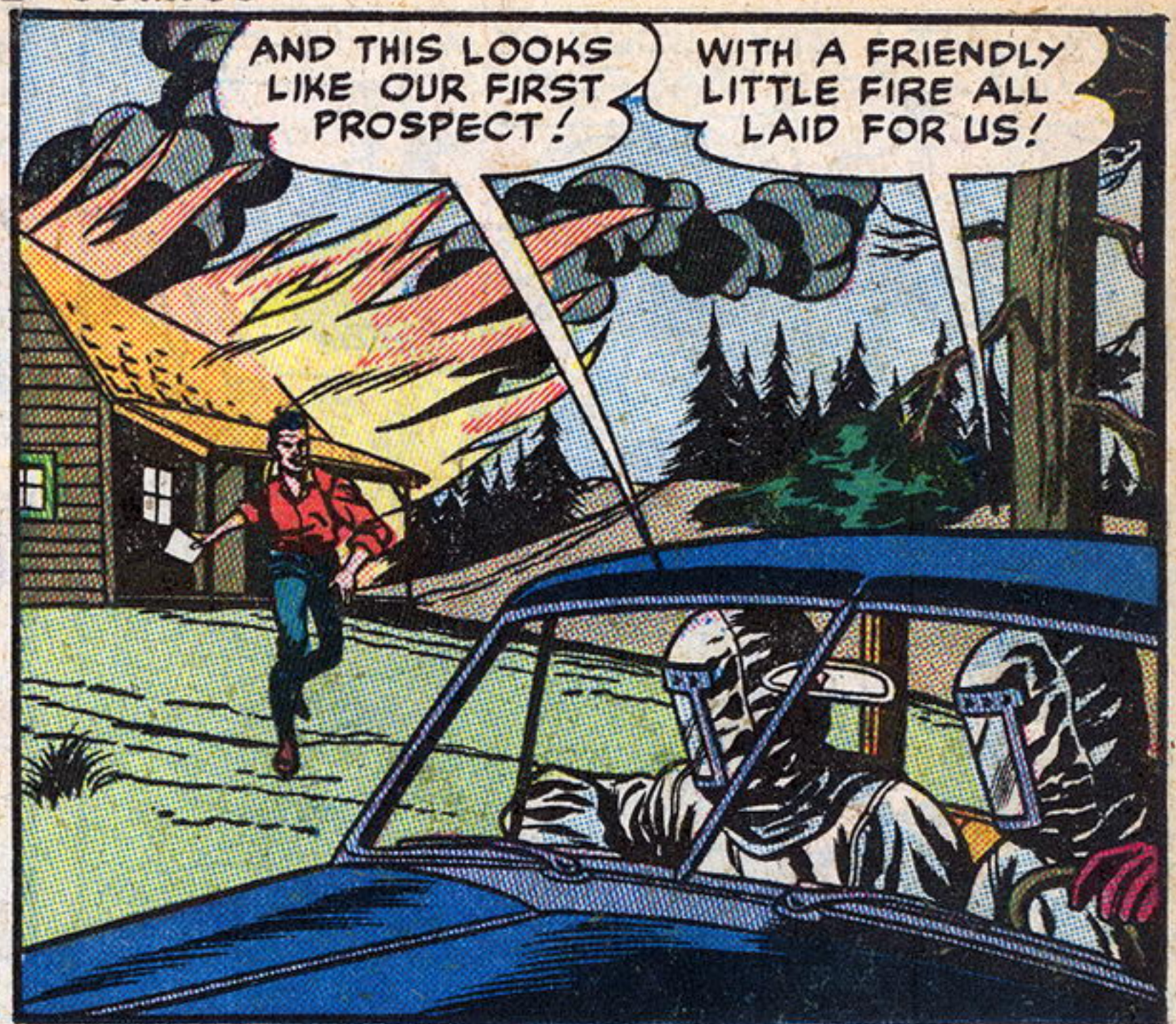
THE POOR CUSS NEVER HAD A CHANCE! I NEVER SAW A CAR BURN LIKE THAT!

LET'S GET BACK! THAT GAS TANK WILL EXPLODE!





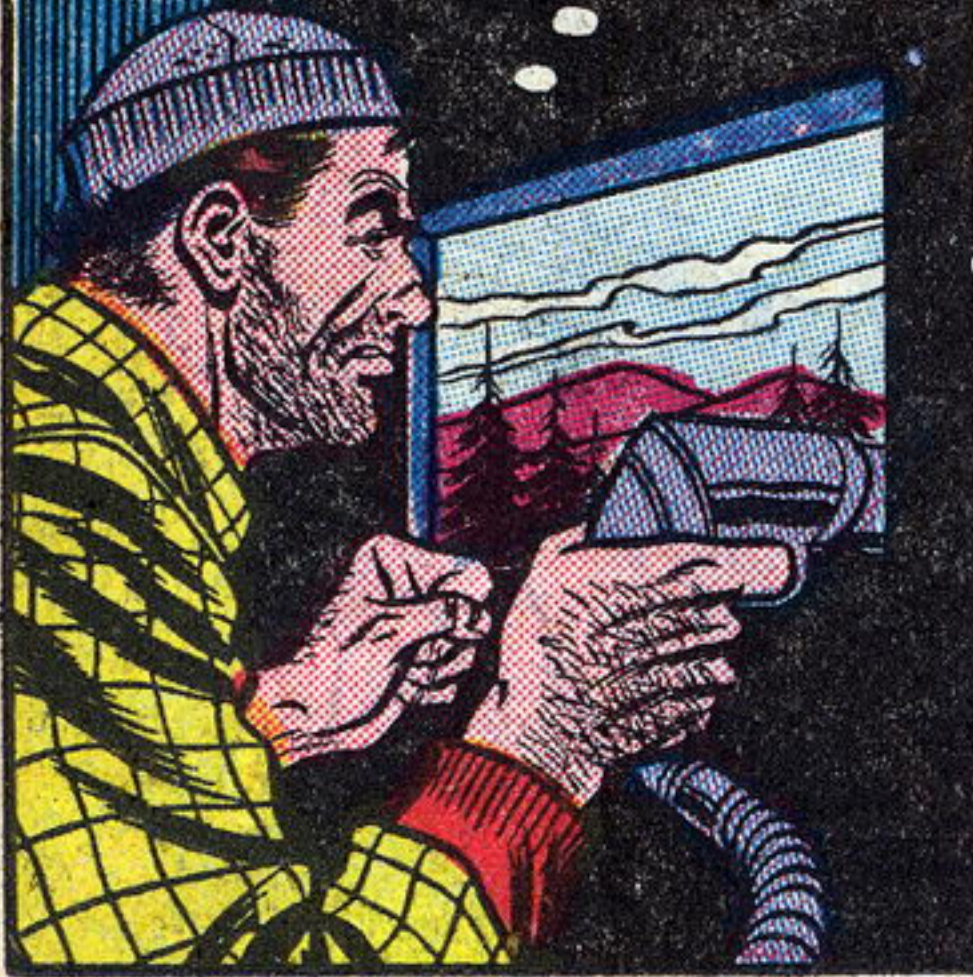
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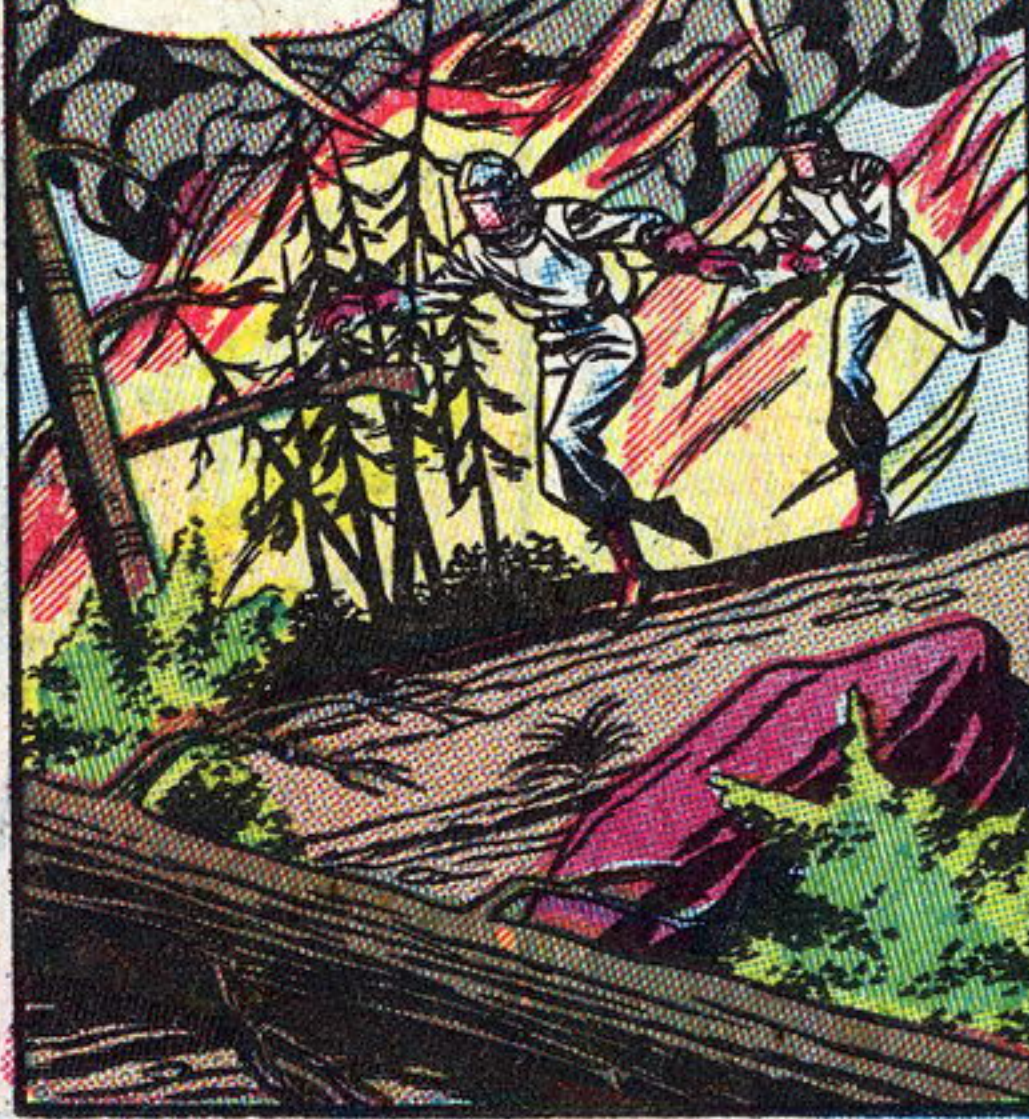
BUT THE KILLER HAS OTHER IDEAS!

SNEAKIN' COPPERS THINK THEY'LL ESCAPE! BUT THEY WON'T! I'LL BURN THE WHOLE WOODS!



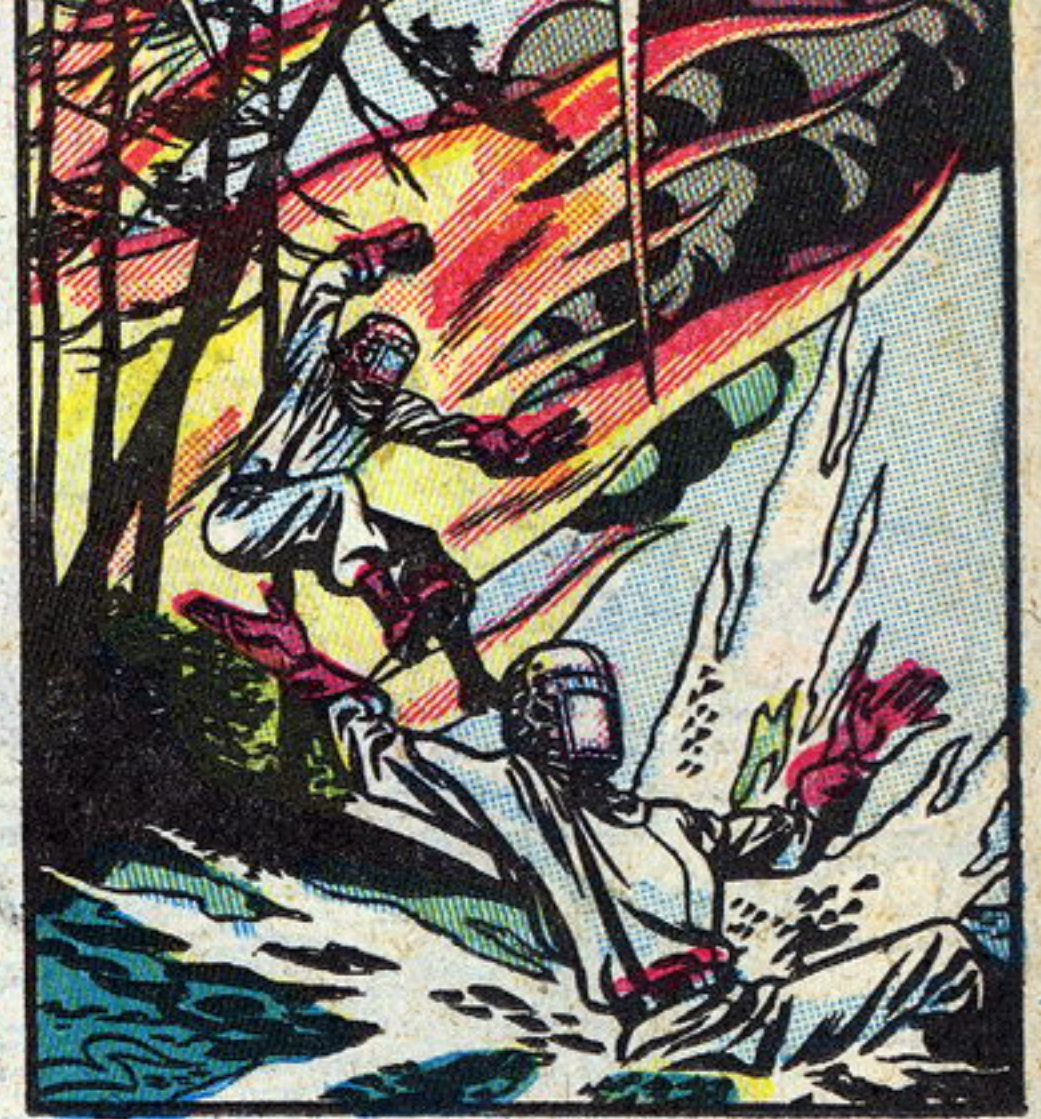
TOSS YOUR GUNS, CASSIDY! THEY'LL EXPLODE! HE'S BURNING THE WOODS!

HATE TO LOSE MY ROD, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT!



IN YOU GO, CASSIDY!

W-WATER! PUFF! GOOD OLD WET WATER!



WE'RE AHEAD OF THE FIRE! HEY! THERE'S A PATH!

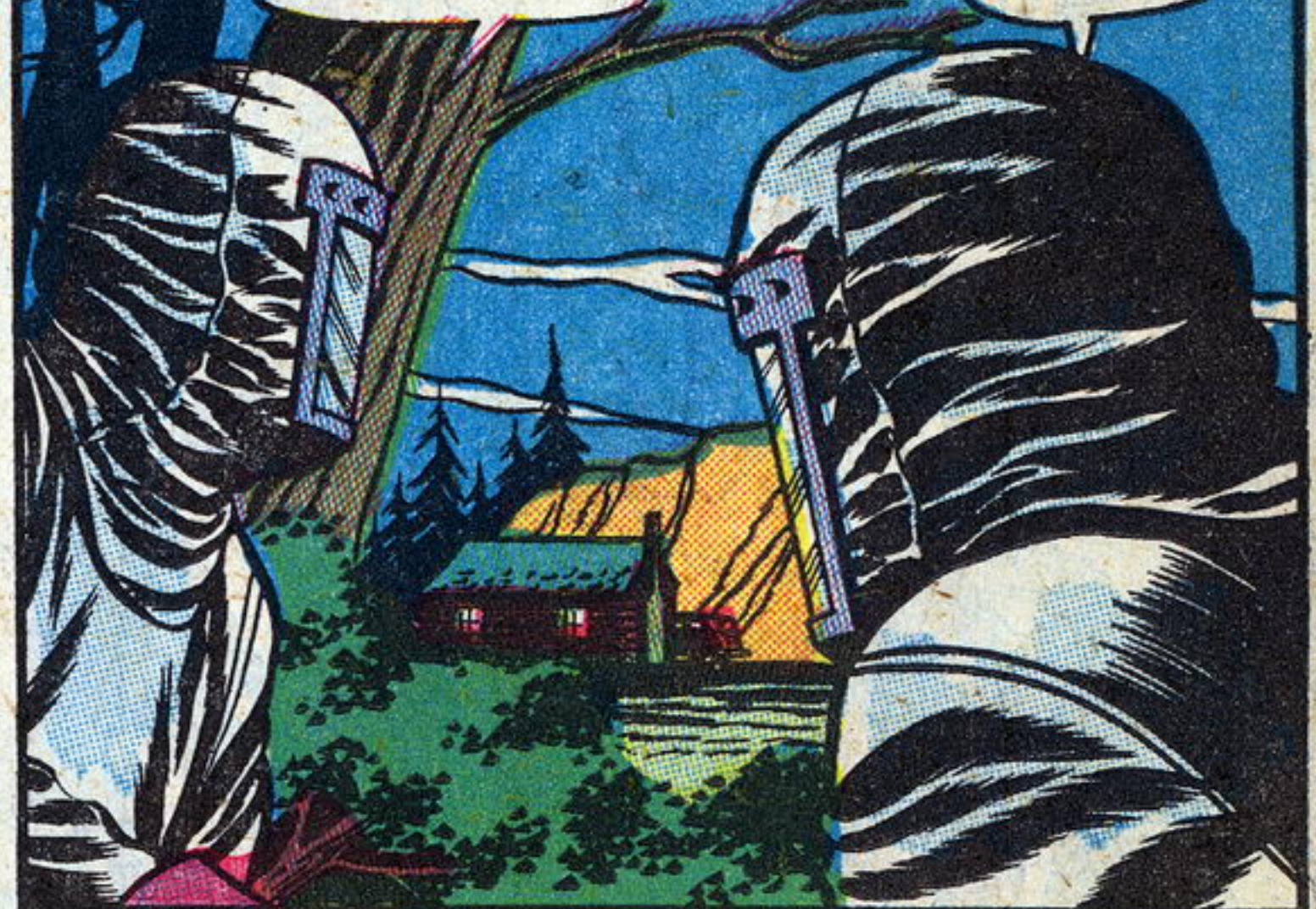
HOPE IT LEADS TO A NICE DRY BED! I'M BUSHED!



At THE END OF THE PATH...

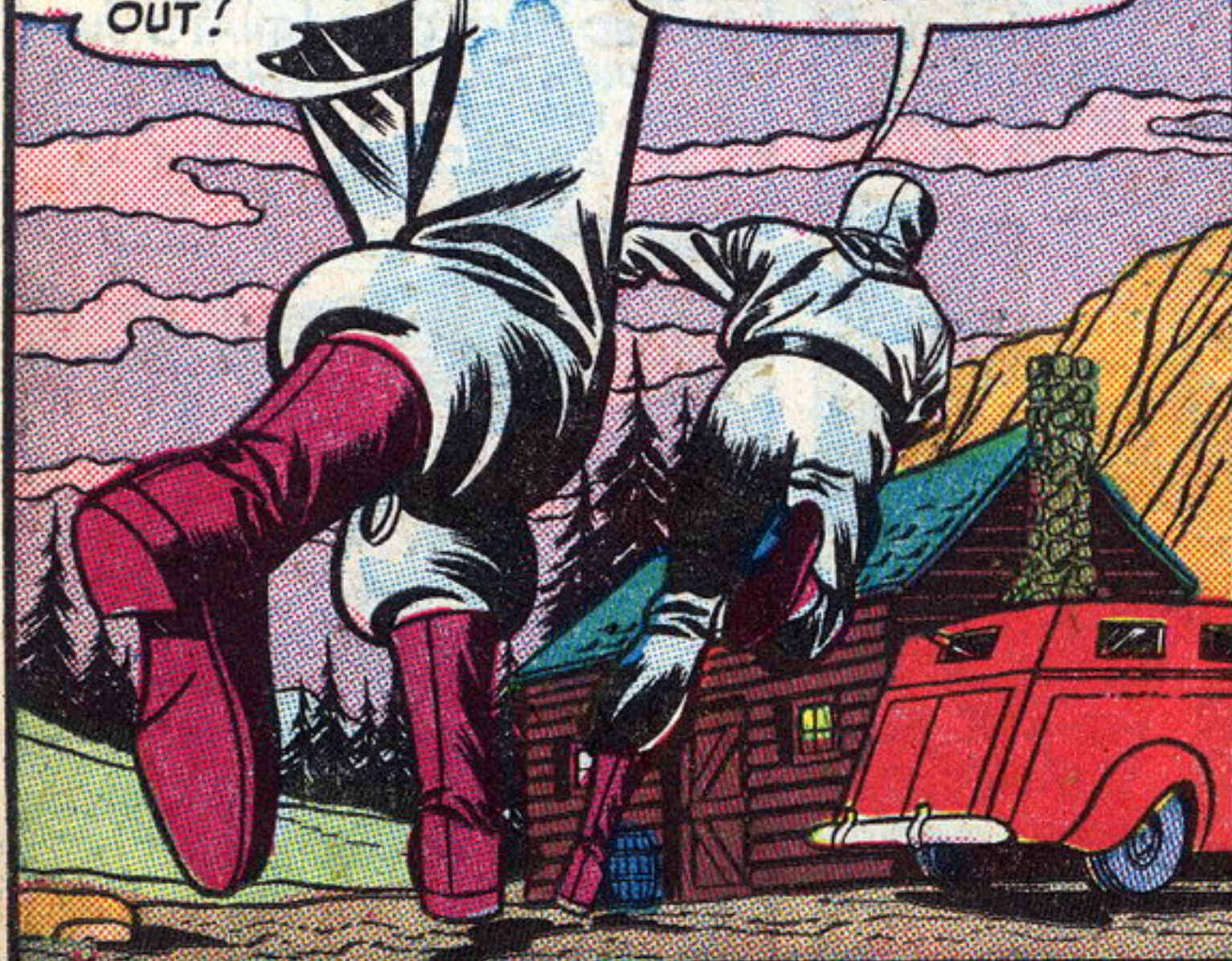
THERE'S THE KILLER'S HIDEOUT! AND THERE'S THE FLAME-THROWER!

AND THERE'S THE BIGGEST MOONSHINE STILL I EVER SAW!



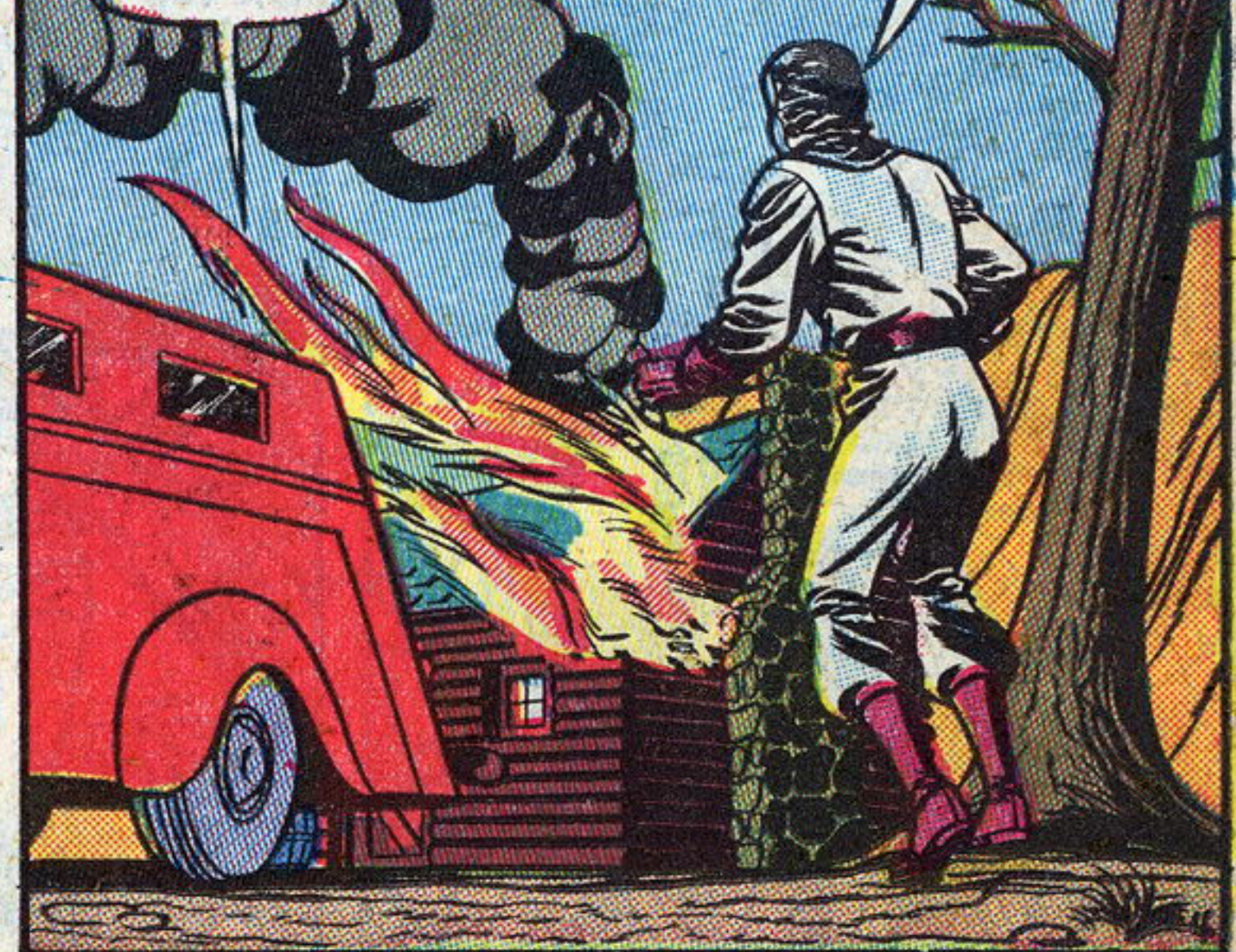
WE'RE UNARMED, SO WE'LL TRY SMOKING HIM OUT!

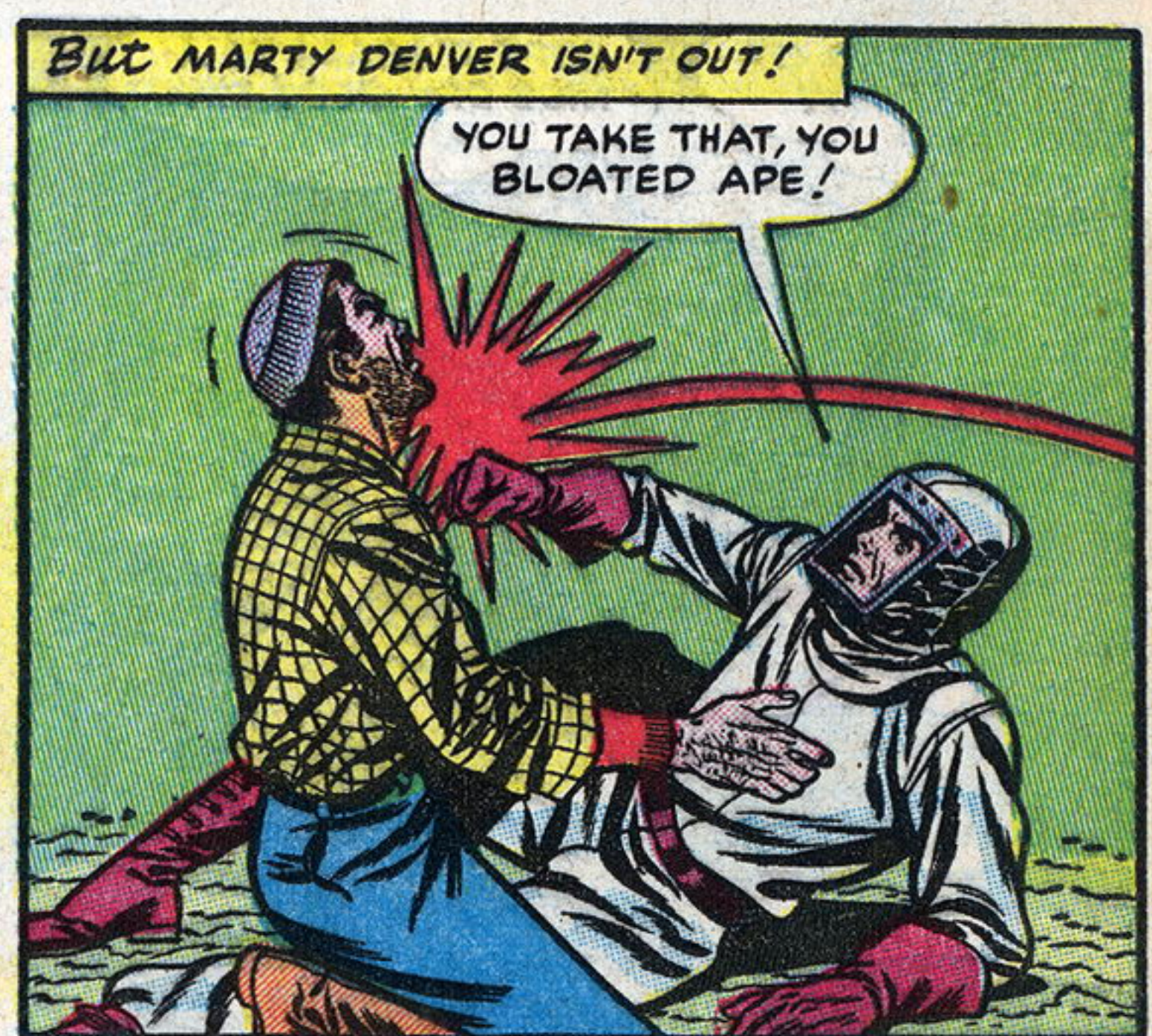
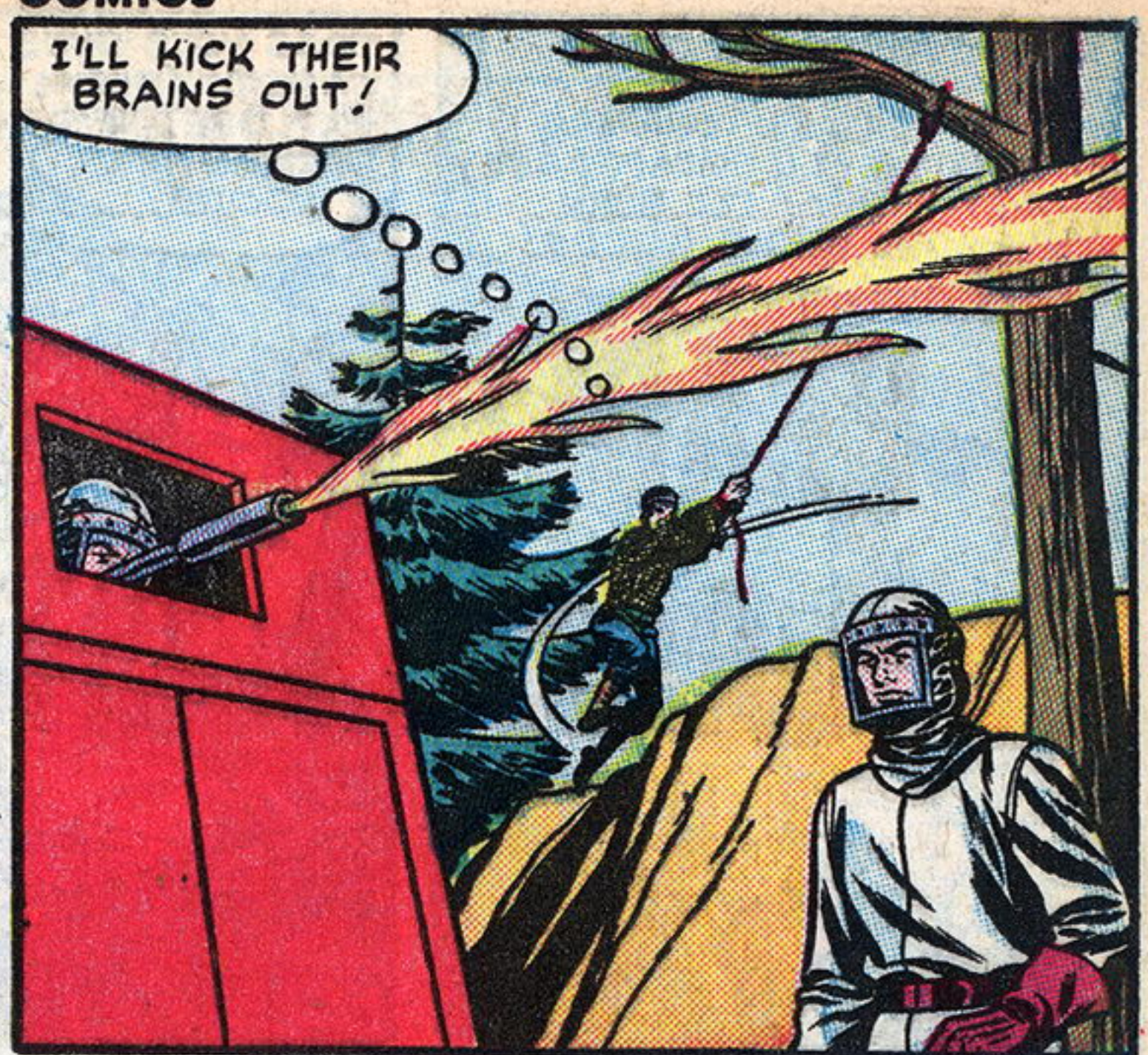
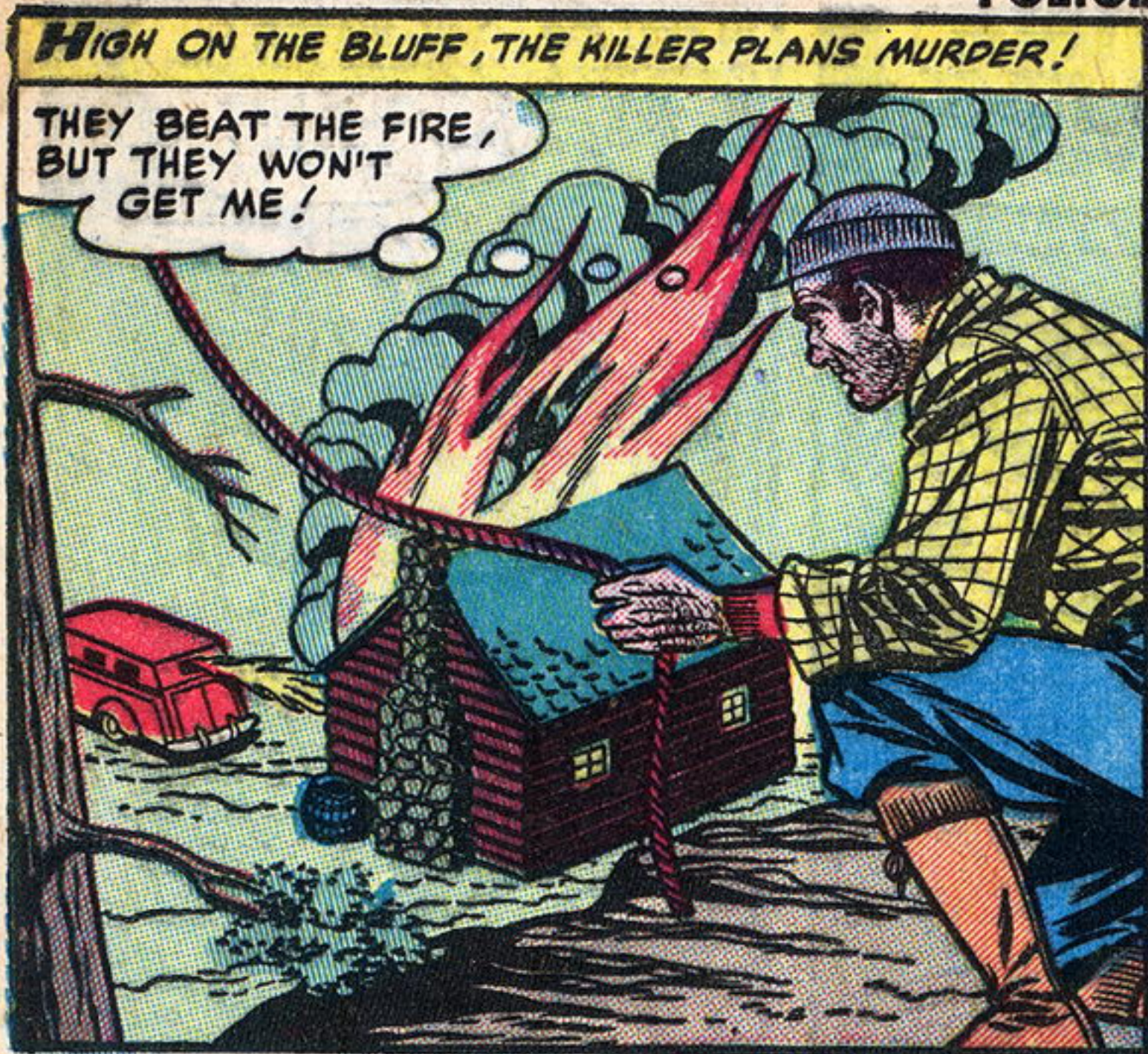
I'LL TURN HER AROUND! YOU FIRE UP THE FLAME-TOSSER, MARTY!



COME OUT, OR WE'LL BURN YOU OUT!

HOPE HE DOESN'T COME OUT SHOOTING!





5¢U.S. Weather
Forecast
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(Locals on Page 2)**Daily** WORLD **Mirror** EXTRA **5¢**

Vol. 28.

C FINAL EDITION ★★★

HEADLESS HORSEMAN TERRIFIES CITY

SPECTRAL RIDER IS SEEN GALLOPING OVER THE LAWNS OF CENTRAL PARK



POLICE ARE
BAFFLED BY
THE ACCOUNT
OF FRIGHTENED
EYEWITNESSES
OF THIS FEAR-
SOME GHOST
RIDER! MAYOR
DEMANDS ACTION
AND CAUTIONS
PUBLIC AGAINST
PANIC!

At an emergency
meeting yesterday
Commission
said "

**IS IT TRUE? WHAT OR WHO
IS THIS AWESOME SPECTRE?**

READ THIS
AMAZING ADVENTURE
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

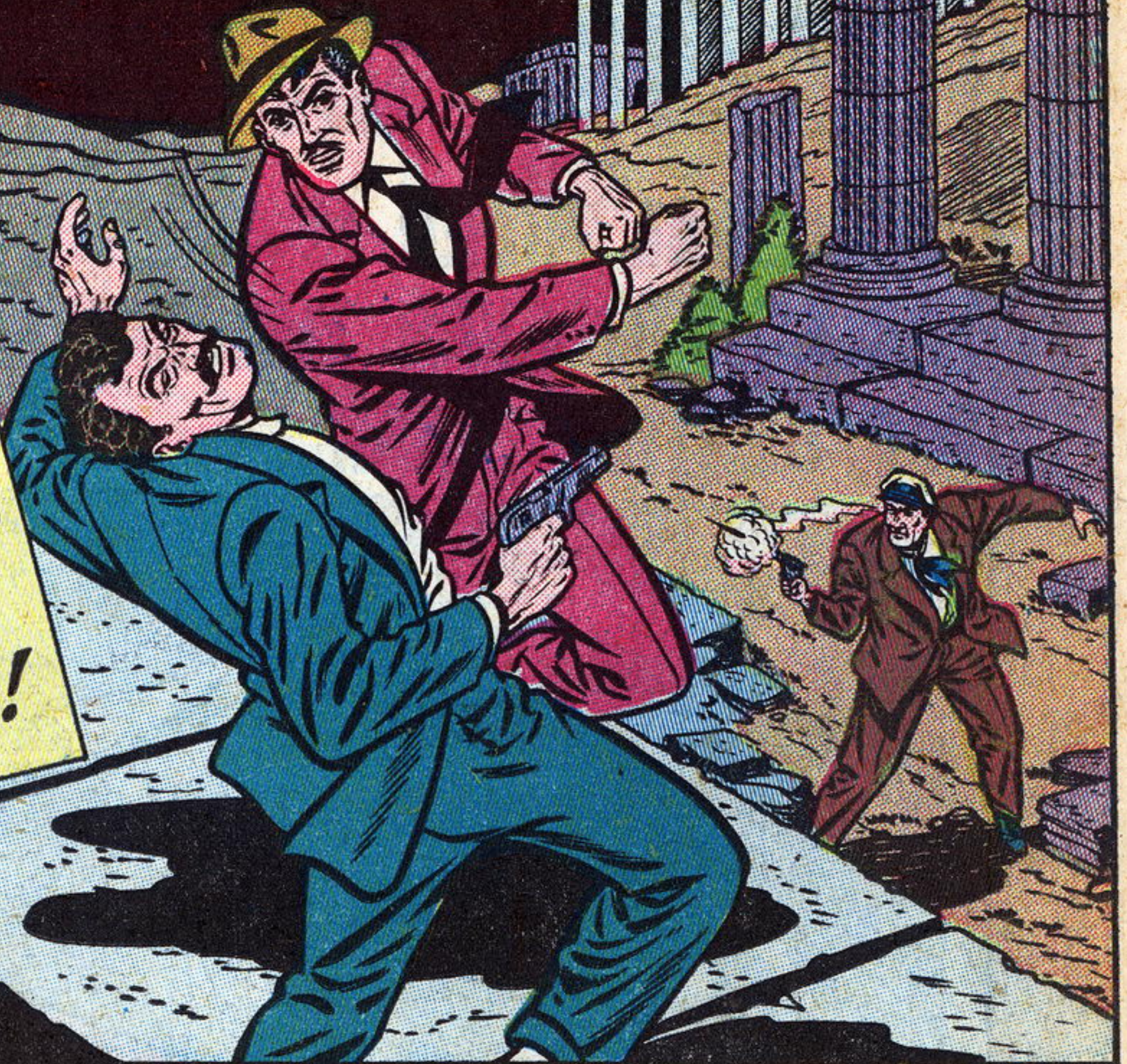
DOLL MAN
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MITE

ON SALE MAY 2ND.

T-MAN

ARCHEOLOGISTS GO TO GREECE TO DIG UP MARBLE RUINS AND STONE VENUS DE MILOS -- BUT ALL I COULD DIG UP THERE WAS TROUBLE! I LIKE MY JOB, BUT I'M HUMAN --- I DON'T WANT TO GET PAID OFF IN LEAD! BUT I ALMOST GOT THAT KIND OF PAY-OFF WHEN MY BOSS, UNCLE SAM, TOLD ME TO CLOSE THE BOOKS ON

STALIN'S PAYMASTER!



OUR ATHENS CHIEF BRIEFED ME ON MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT, AND IT WAS A TOUGHIE ---

PETE, A TOP RUSSIAN AGENT HAS ARRIVED IN GREECE WITH \$300,000 IN CASH --- TO PAY GREEK COMMIES HERE DOING SPY WORK FOR JOE STALIN!

I SEE! THE GUY'S A COMMIE PAYOFF MAN!



EXACTLY! WE DON'T KNOW HIS IDENTITY! ALL WE DO KNOW IS THAT HE IS CALLED THE **PAYMASTER!**

GOT ANY LEADS TO HIM AT ALL?



WE KNOW THIS MAN, PELLAK, IS A GREEK COMMUNIST! HE IS IN NEED OF MONEY! OBVIOUSLY HE HAS NOT BEEN PAID FOR HIS SERVICES YET! YOU UNDERSTAND?

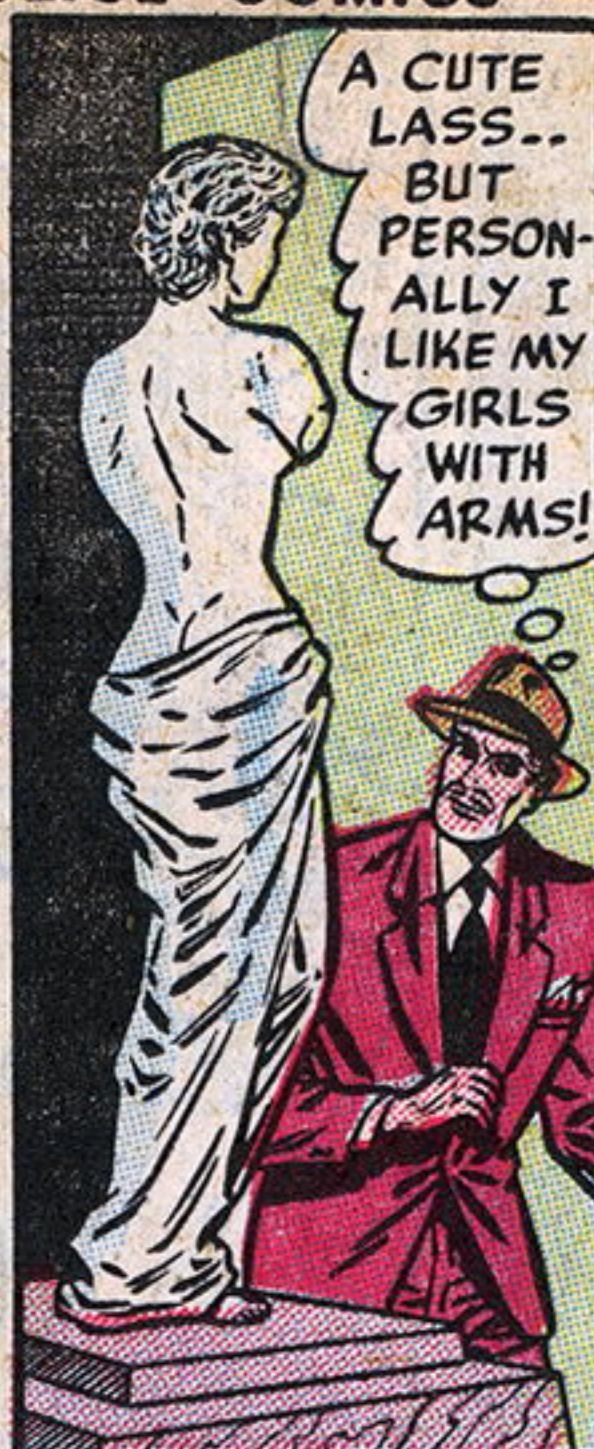
YOU FIGURE IF I TAIL PELLAK HE'LL LEAD ME TO THE PAYMASTER FOR THE MONEY DUE HIM! LET'S HOPE YOUR HUNCH PAYS OFF --- FOR US!



I CAMPED ON PELLAK'S TRAIL FOR TWO DAYS! ON THE THIRD DAY HE MADE TRACKS FOR THE ATHENS NATIONAL ARCHEOLOGICAL MUSEUM...



AT LEAST I'LL ABSORB SOME CULTURE ON THIS JOB!

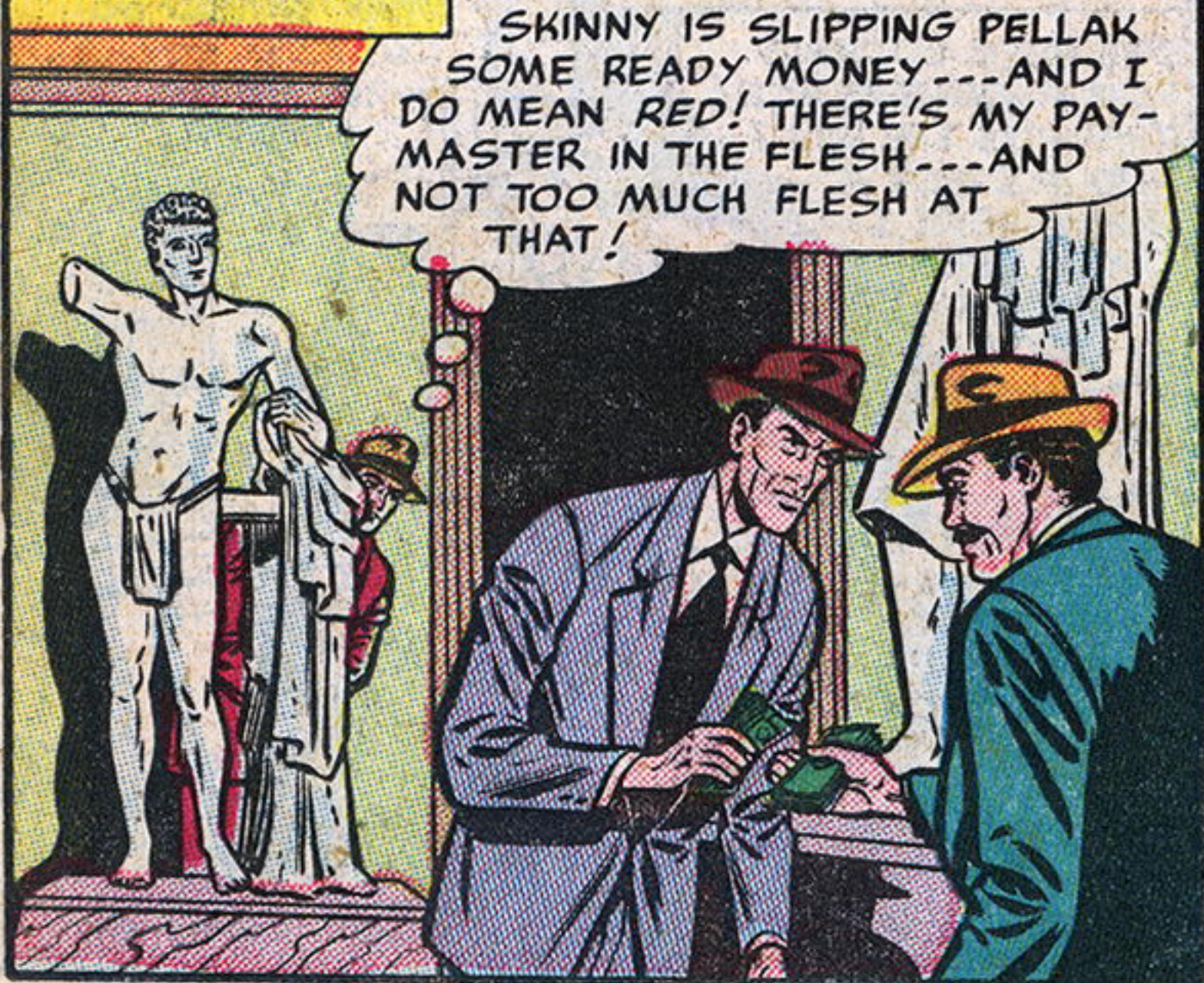


A CUTE LASS... BUT PERSONALLY I LIKE MY GIRLS WITH ARMS!



OH-OH! THAT SKINNY ART LOVER IS EDGING JUST A LITTLE TOO CLOSE TO PELLAK! I'LL TAKE BETS THIS IS THE PAYOFF!

I HID BEHIND HERMES SO THEY'D THINK THEY WERE IN THE CLEAR...

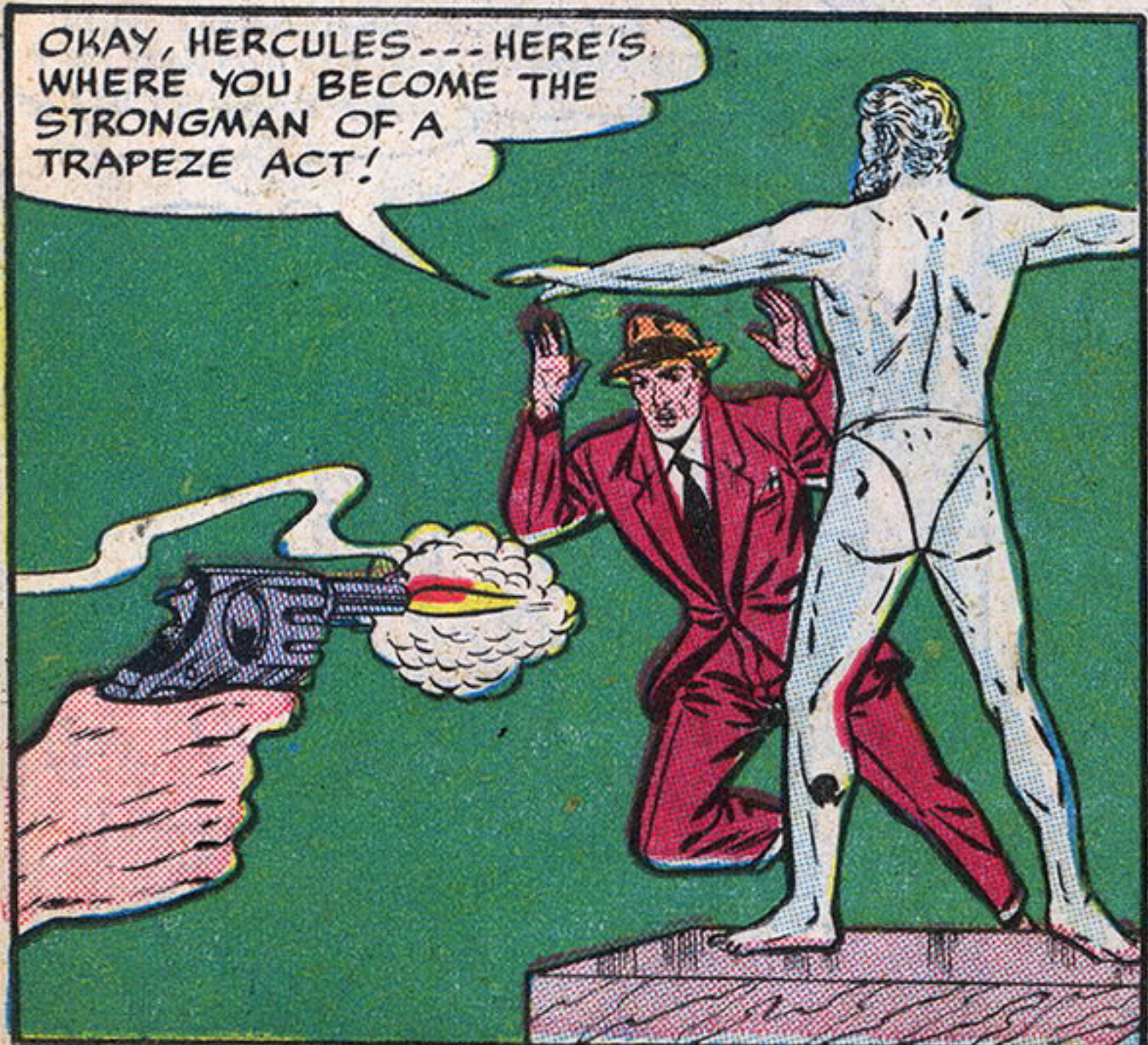


SKINNY IS SLIPPING PELLAK SOME READY MONEY---AND I DO MEAN RED! THERE'S MY PAYMASTER IN THE FLESH---AND NOT TOO MUCH FLESH AT THAT!

THAT PAYMASTER MUST HAVE HAD A THIRD EYE IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, BECAUSE HE SUDDENLY SWIVELED AROUND AS I CLOSED IN...



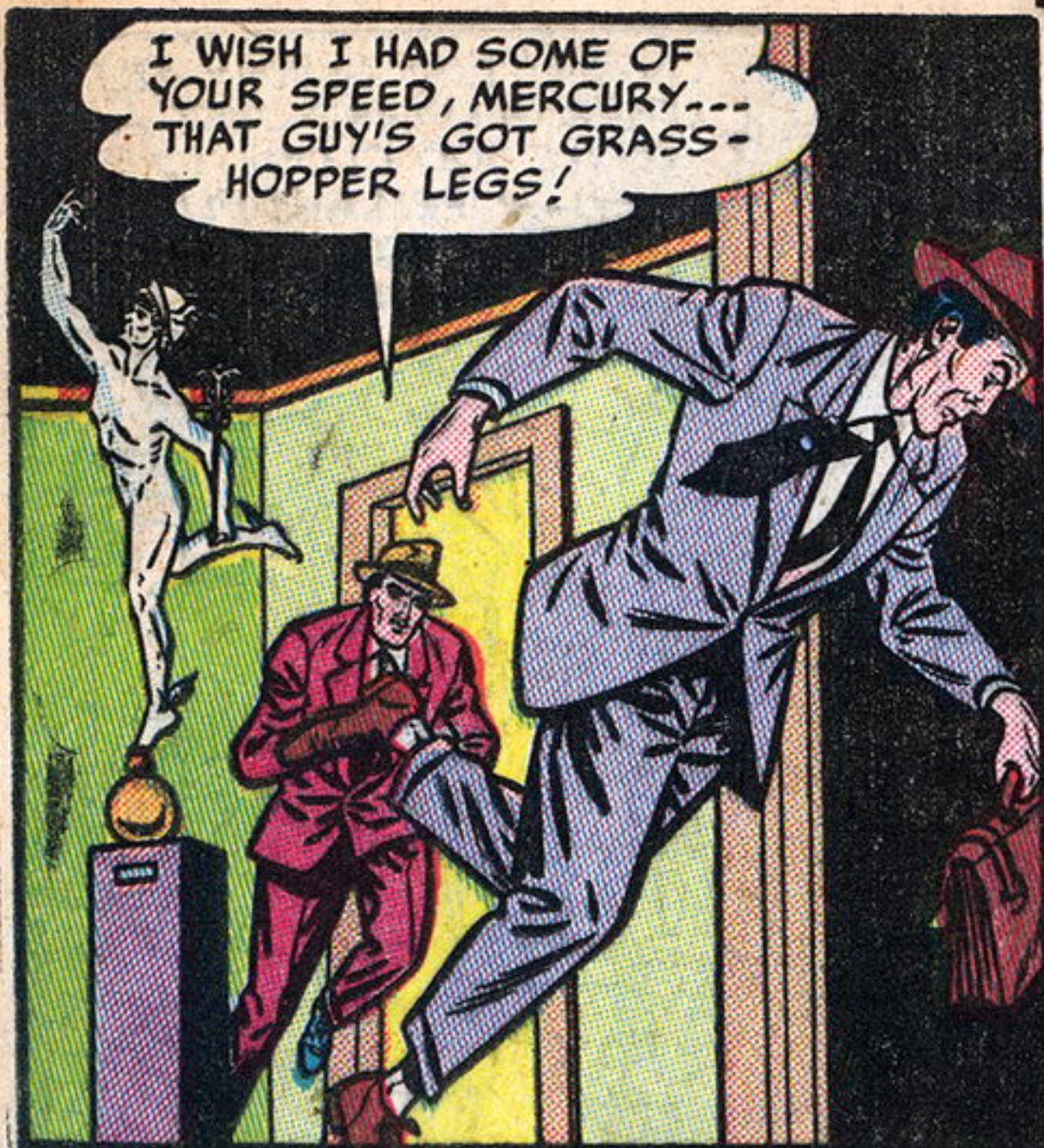
IT'S A TRAP! THAT MAN IS PETE TRASK...AN AMERICAN TREASURY MAN! WE HAVE HIS PHOTOGRAPH ON FILE!



OKAY, HERCULES---HERE'S WHERE YOU BECOME THE STRONGMAN OF A TRAPEZE ACT!



LOOKS LIKE I'VE STRUCK PAY DIRT!



I WISH I HAD SOME OF YOUR SPEED, MERCURY... THAT GUY'S GOT GRASS-HOPPER LEGS!



WHAT TH...!!

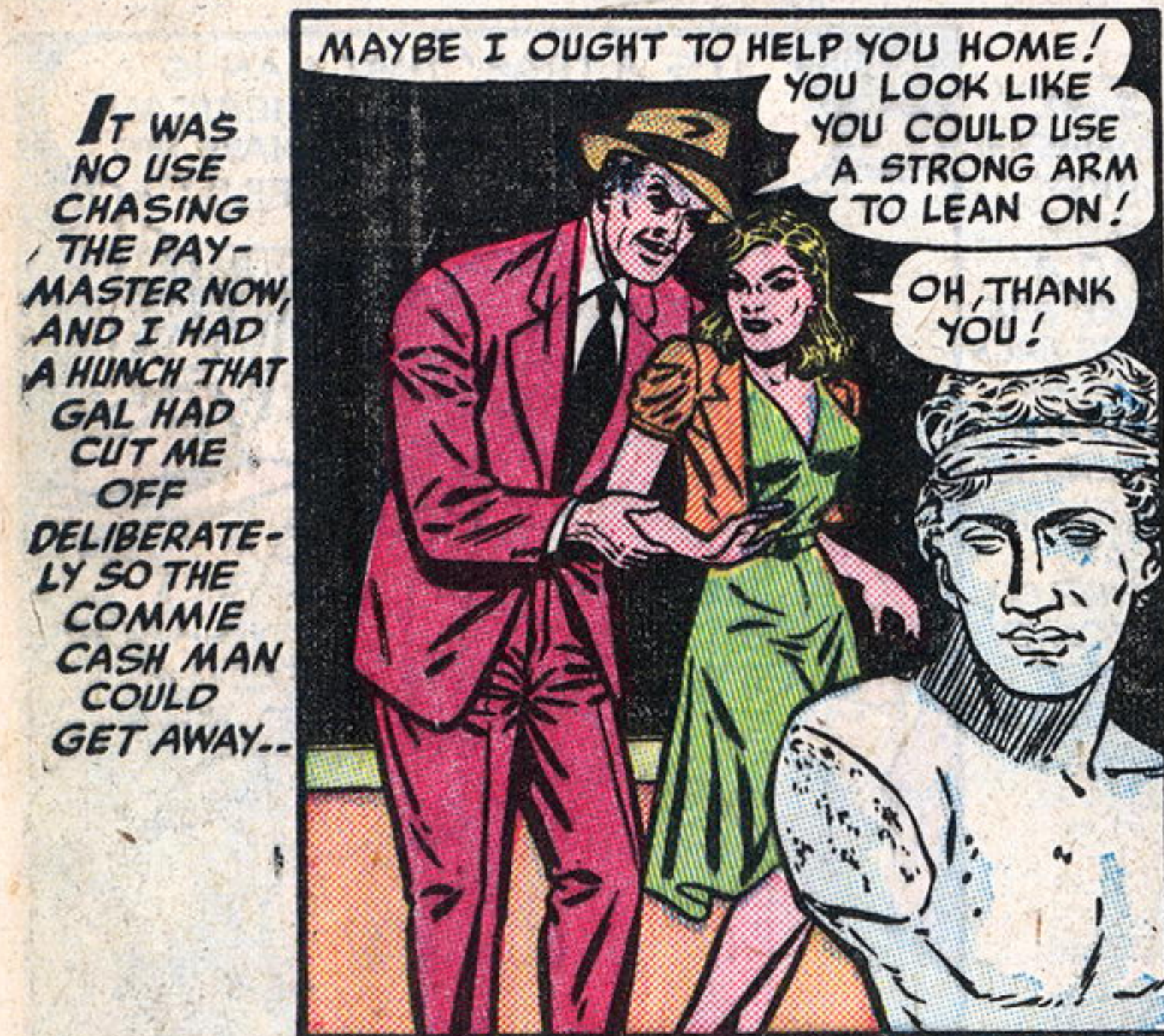
EEK!

SUDDENLY I RAN RIGHT INTO A SET OF DANGEROUS CURVES!



I'M SORRY, HONEY! LET GO OF ME, WILL YOU... I'M AFTER A GUY!

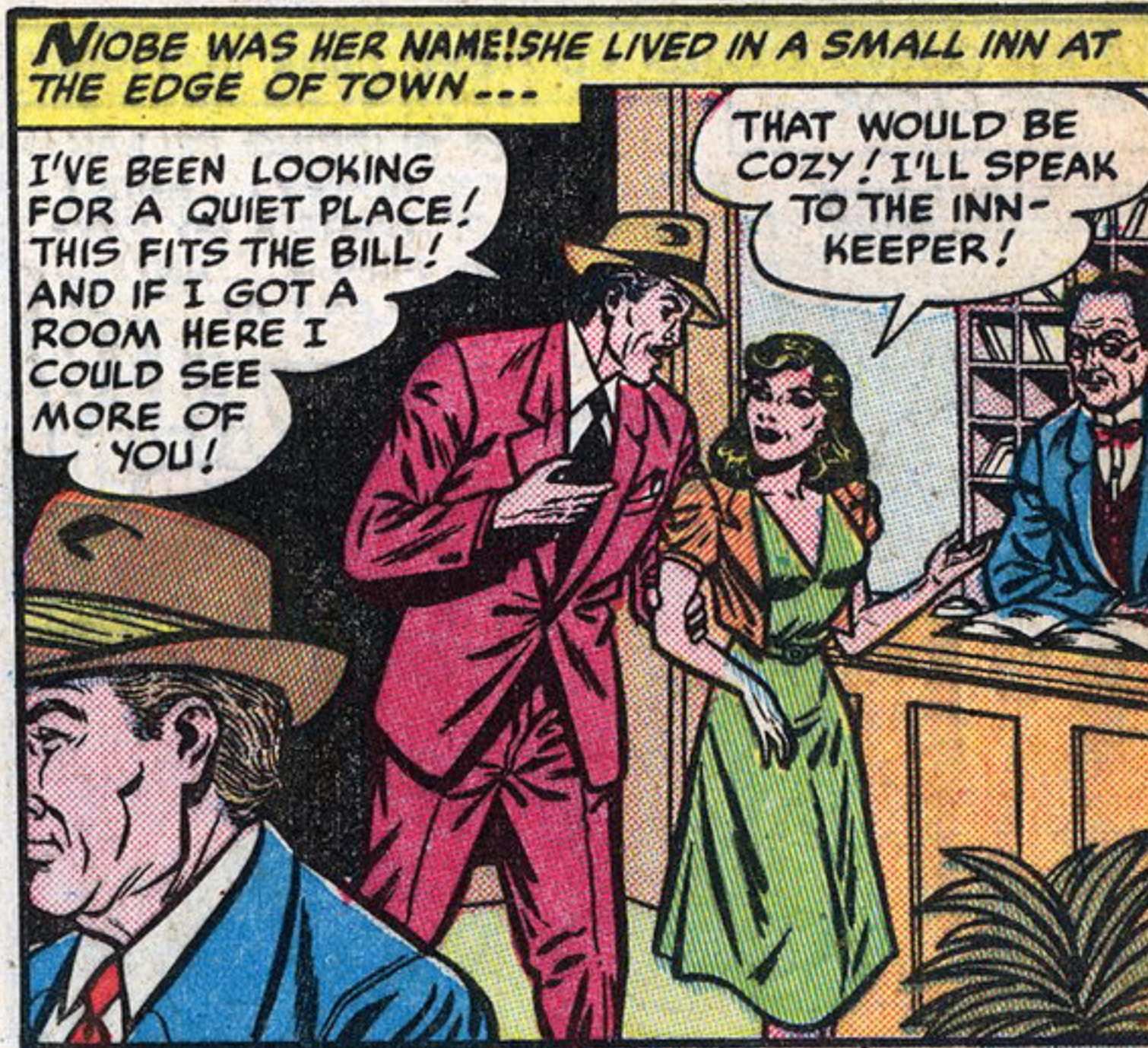
CLUMSY! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING? OH... MY ANKLE! I CAN HARDLY STAND UP!



IT WAS NO USE CHASING THE PAYMASTER NOW, AND I HAD A HUNCH THAT GAL HAD CUT ME OFF DELIBERATELY SO THE COMMIE CASH MAN COULD GET AWAY...

MAYBE I OUGHT TO HELP YOU HOME! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A STRONG ARM TO LEAN ON!

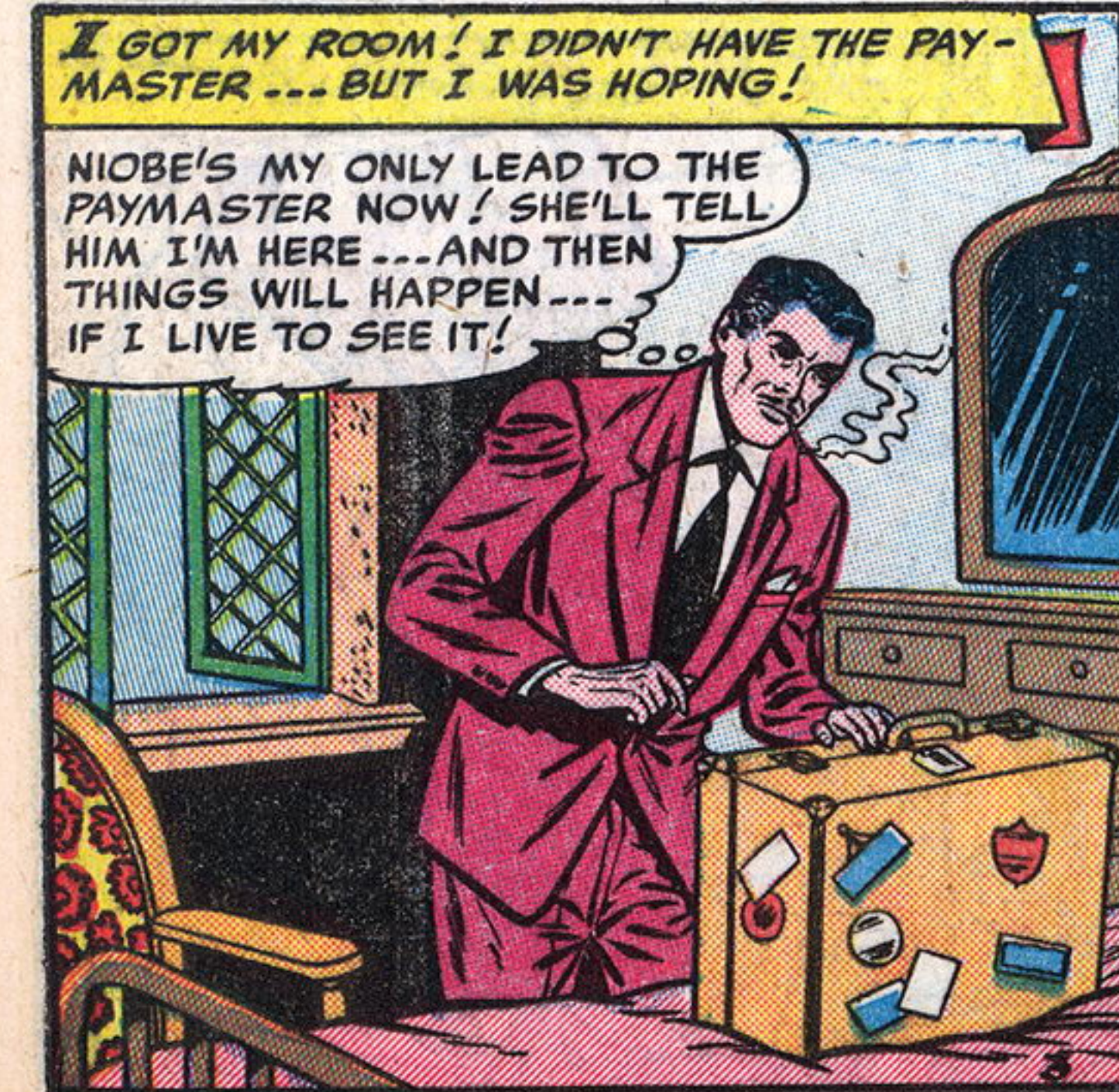
OH, THANK YOU!



NIobe WAS HER NAME! SHE LIVED IN A SMALL INN AT THE EDGE OF TOWN...

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A QUIET PLACE! THIS FITS THE BILL! AND IF I GOT A ROOM HERE I COULD SEE MORE OF YOU!

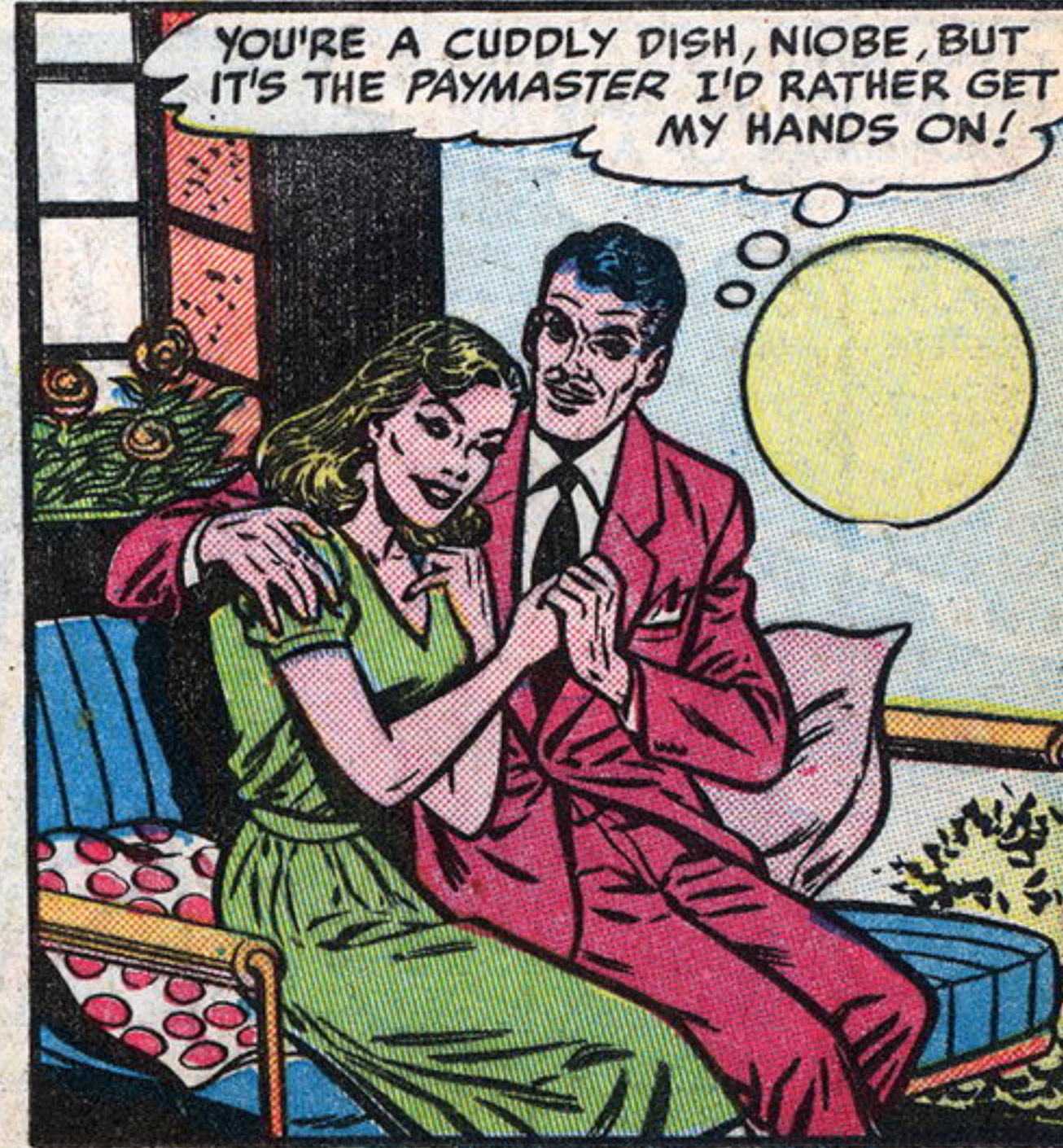
THAT WOULD BE COZY! I'LL SPEAK TO THE INN-KEEPER!



I GOT MY ROOM! I DIDN'T HAVE THE PAYMASTER... BUT I WAS HOPING!

NIobe'S MY ONLY LEAD TO THE PAYMASTER NOW! SHE'LL TELL HIM I'M HERE... AND THEN THINGS WILL HAPPEN... IF I LIVE TO SEE IT!

I PLAYED THE WOLF FOR NIobe'S BENEFIT! I HAD TO MAKE HER THINK SHE WAS MY REAL TARGET!

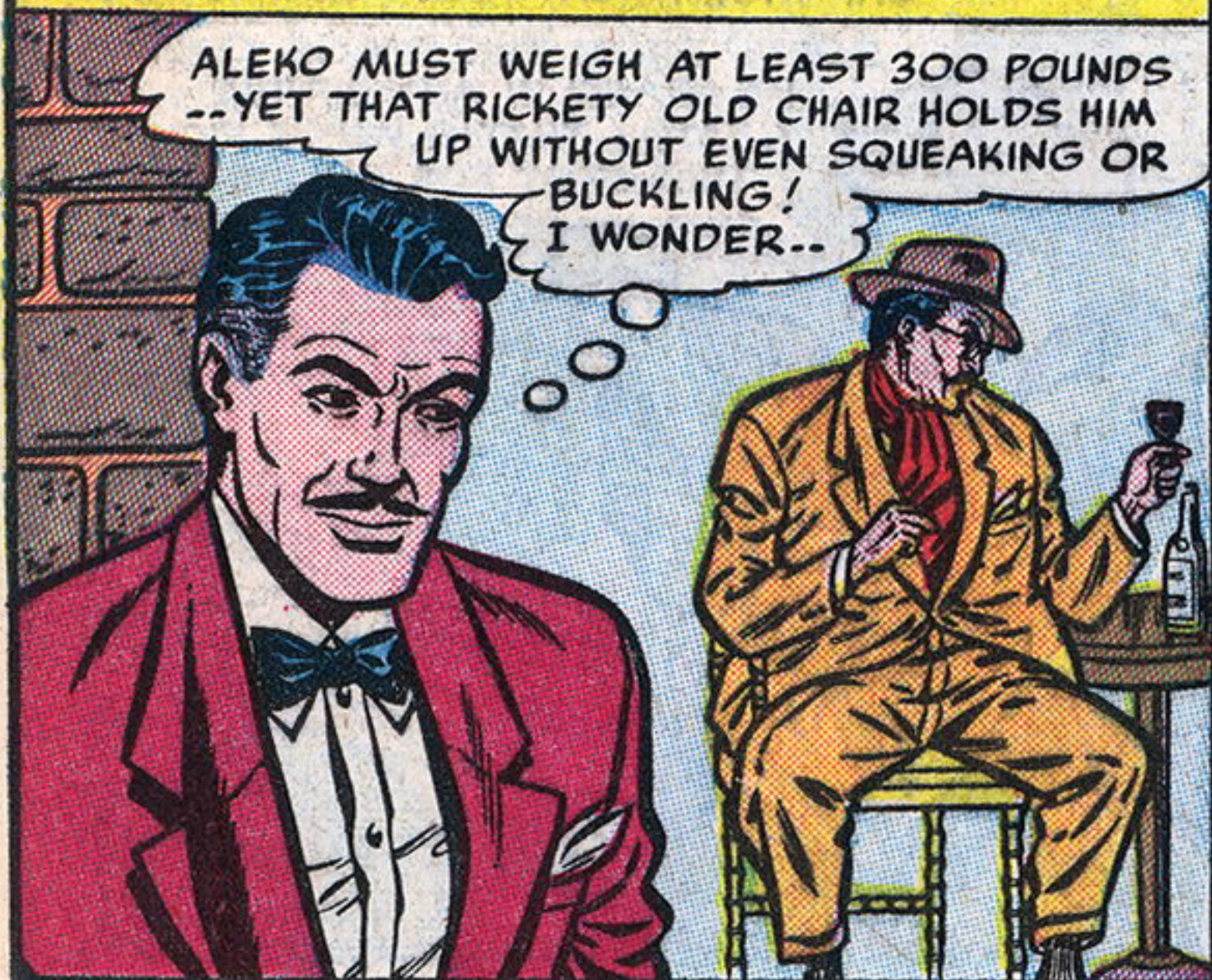


YOU'RE A CUDDLY DISH, NIobe, BUT IT'S THE PAYMASTER I'D RATHER GET MY HANDS ON!

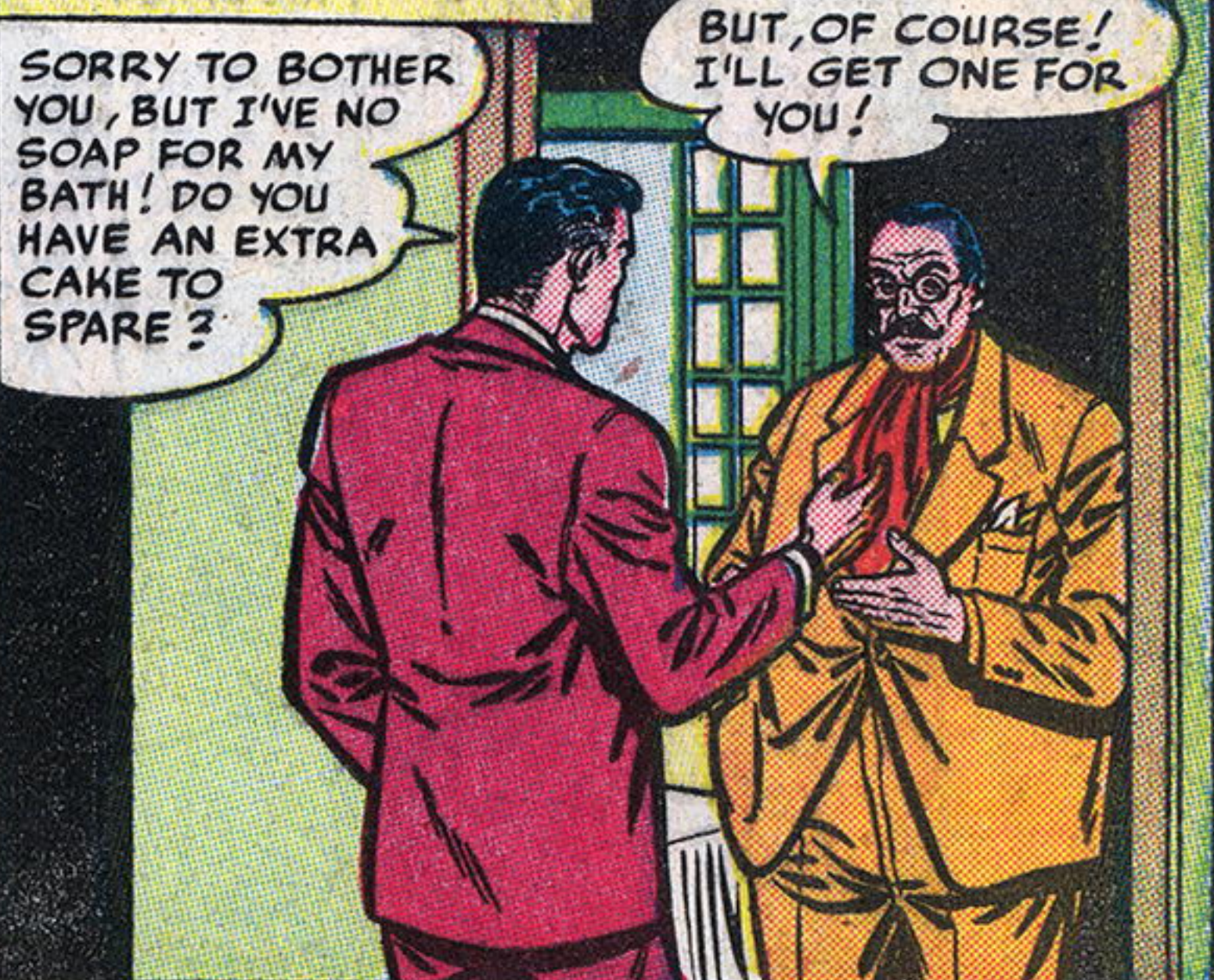
I GOT CHUMMY WITH THE INN'S OTHER GUESTS... ESPECIALLY A BIG TUB OF A MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF ALEKO...



AT FIRST IT DIDN'T REGISTER, BUT THEN I NOTICED SOMETHING THAT WASN'T NATURAL...



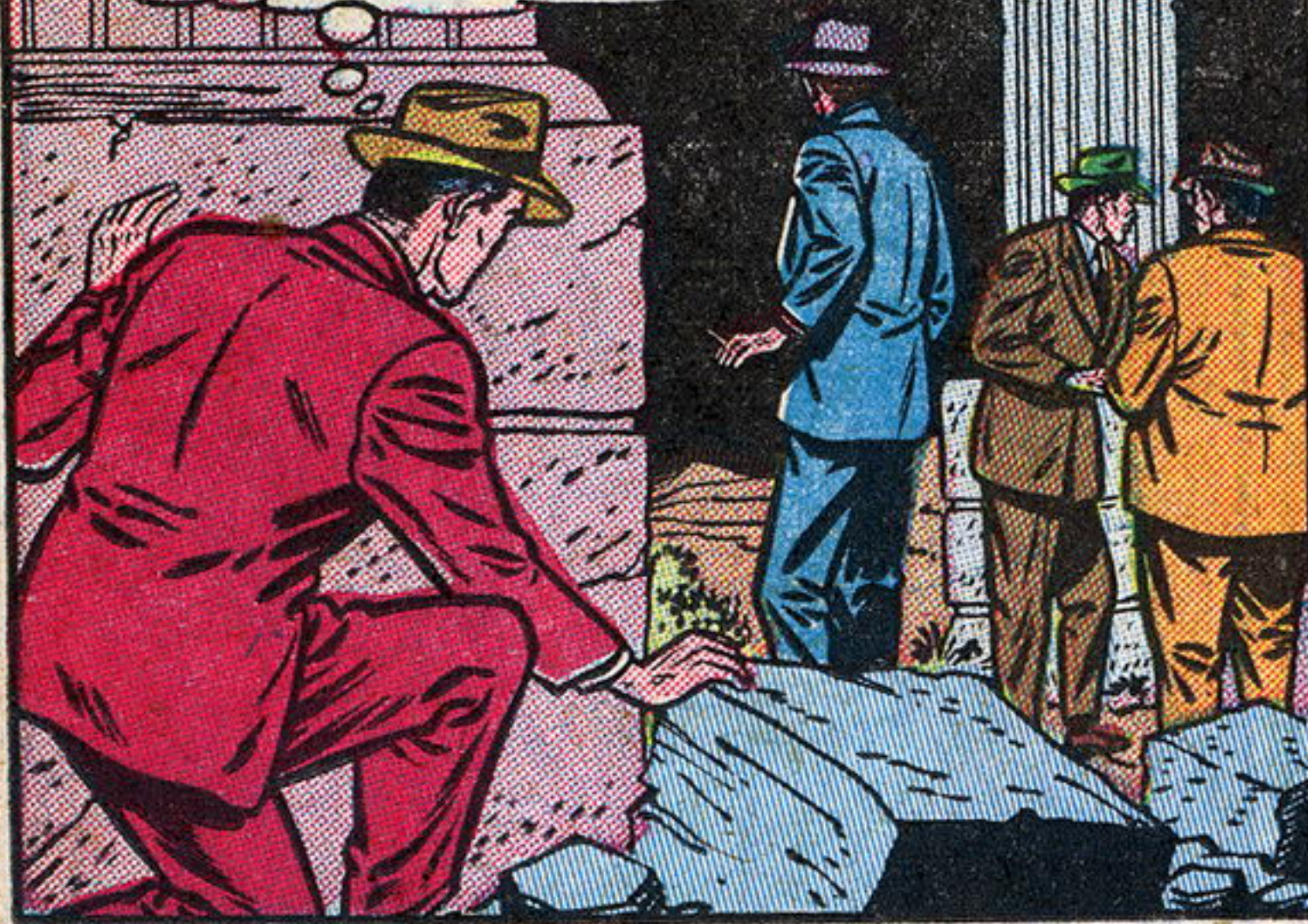
I HAD TO CHECK ON HIM, SO THAT NIGHT, I KNOCKED ON HIS ROOM DOOR...



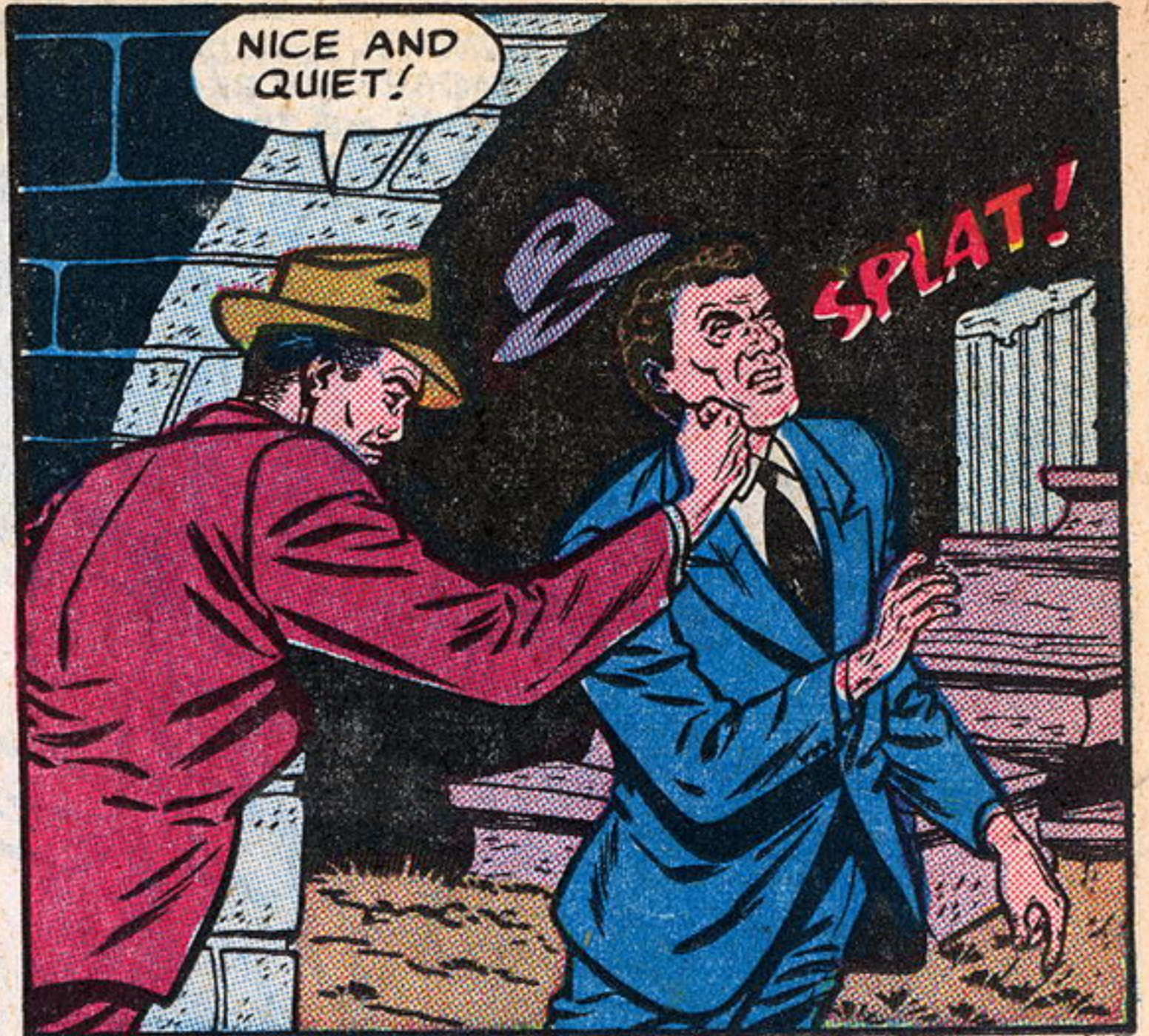
A T-MAN GETS TO KNOW THE CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF MANY COUNTRIES...SO WHEN HE GAVE ME THAT SOAP, I KNEW HE WAS A PHONY!



THEY'VE LEFT A SENTRY BEHIND WHILE THEY TALK OVER THE BUSINESS AT HAND! I'VE GOT TO GET PAST THAT SENTRY SO I CAN TUNE IN ON THEM!



NICE AND QUIET!



How WRONG CAN A GUY BE? THAT POKE ECHOED LIKE A SHOT... AND SUDDENLY REAL SHOTS WERE WHINING AROUND ME!

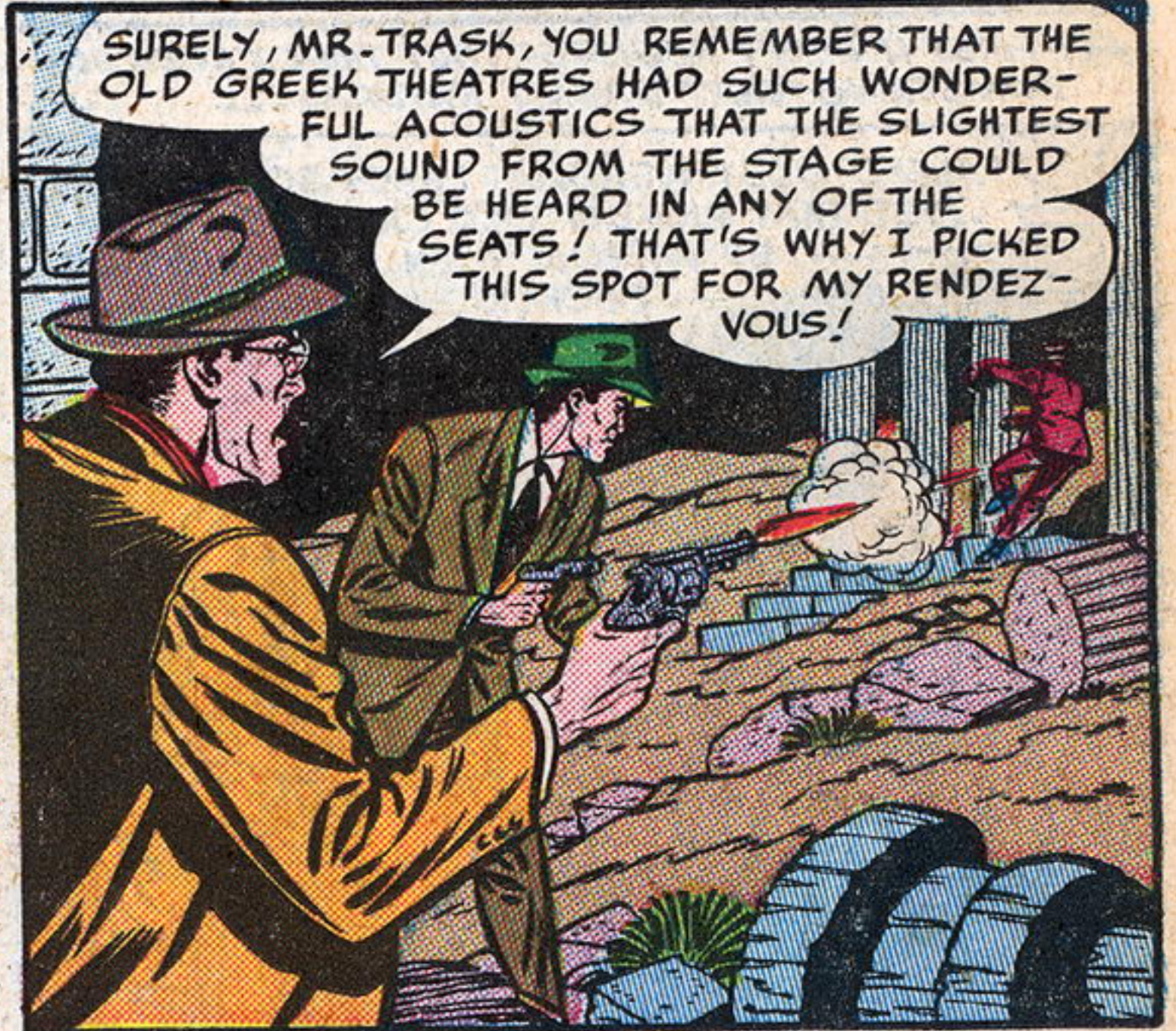
YOW!

IT'S TRASK! WE CAN'T LET HIM LIVE NOW!

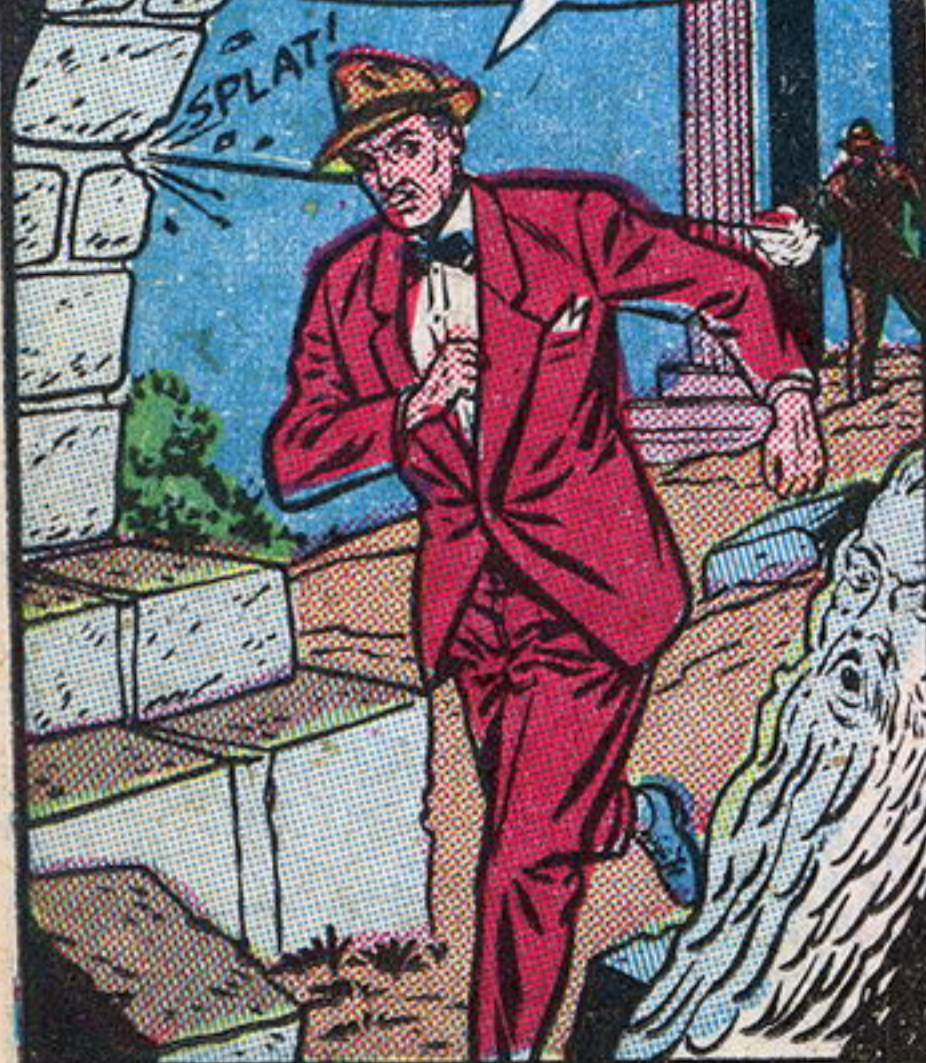
CRACK!



SURELY, MR. TRASK, YOU REMEMBER THAT THE OLD GREEK THEATRES HAD SUCH WONDERFUL ACOUSTICS THAT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND FROM THE STAGE COULD BE HEARD IN ANY OF THE SEATS! THAT'S WHY I PICKED THIS SPOT FOR MY RENDEZ-VOUS!



I KEEP DUCKING IN AND OUT LIKE A FIDDLER'S ELBOW! I'D BETTER USE MY HEAD IF I WANT TO SAVE MY NECK!



THIS MUST WORK OR SOMEBODY WILL BE COLLECTING MY INSURANCE!



I SCRAMBLED ALONG THE TOP OF THE WALL... AND THEN...

UHHH!

HE'S SLIPPED!



POLICE COMICS

I FELL... BUT I GRABBED A JUTTING DECORATION I'D SPOTTED HALF WAY DOWN THE WALL! IT BROKE MY FALL... AS I FIGURED IT WOULD!



ALEKO WON'T KNOW IT... BUT I PRETENDED TO FALL! AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE ME DOING THIS!

I TOOK MY POSITION ON THE GROUND, HOLDING MY BREATH AS THEY RAN UP TO ME...

THE FALL KILLED HIM! HE'S NOT BREATHING!

IT COULD BE A TRICK! FEEL HIS PULSE!



NO PULSE AT ALL! HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

GOOD! SO LONG AS THE GOVERNMENT THINKS TRASK IS STILL ALIVE AND WATCHING ME, I CAN PAY OFF ALL OUR COMRADES AT ONCE WITHOUT FEAR!



SPREAD THE WORD TO OUR COMRADES TO MEET IN ONE HOUR AT THE MIKLIS WINERY! WE'LL HIDE TRASK'S BODY HERE OUT OF SIGHT!



I MADE SURE THEY WERE GONE BEFORE I CRAWLED OUT AND REPORTED TO MY CHIEF...

HOW DID YOU STOP YOUR PULSE?

A MAGICIAN FRIEND OF MINE TAUGHT ME THAT TRICK! THE ARMPIT CONTAINS A LARGE ARTERY THAT PUMPS BLOOD TO THE WRIST!



BY PRESSING A HARD OBJECT INTO THE ARMPIT, YOU CAN CUT OFF THE BLOOD CIRCULATION... AND THE PULSE BEAT! I DID IT WITH A SMALL ROCK!

HA! HA! "ALEKO" WON'T LIKE IT WHEN HE FINDS OUT HE WAS TRICKED!



IT TRICKED HIM INTO THINKING HE COULD MAKE A MASS PAYOFF SAFELY! NOW WE CAN BAG HIS WHOLE COMMIE MOB AT ONCE!

WE'LL THROW A CORDON ABOUT THE MIKLIS WINE PLANT! WE'LL GET MIKLIS, TOO!



POLICE COMICS

SOMETIME LATER, WE CLOSED IN ON THE MIKLIS WINERY...

THE COMMUNISTS ARE INSIDE NOW, SIR! SHALL WE BREAK IN?

BREAK IN? HOW? WINDOWS BARRED! ALL ENTRANCES CLOSED! THE PLACE IS LIKE A FORTRESS!



THEY COULD HOLD US OFF FOR HOURS! A PITCHED BATTLE LIKE THAT COULD MEAN LOSS OF MEN FOR US! IF ONLY WE COULD GET INSIDE SOMEHOW...

HOW ABOUT A "TROJAN HORSE"?



My CHIEF LIKED THE IDEA, SO WE PUT A TRUCK DRIVER'S UNIFORM ON ONE OF OUR MEN! AND SOON AFTER...

GOT A DELIVERY FOR YOU, MR. MIKLIS!

AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT? COME BACK IN THE MORNING?



MY TRUCK BROKE DOWN! PLEASE--I'LL GET FIRED IF MY BOSS FINDS OUT I DIDN'T MAKE THIS DELIVERY!

OH, VERY WELL! LEAVE THE BARREL IN A HAND TRUCK! I'LL BRING IT INSIDE MYSELF!



WHEN THE TRUCK LEFT, MIKLIS QUICKLY HAULED THE BARREL INSIDE AND THEN WENT BACK TO THE COMMIE CONCLAVE



THE GREEKS KNOCKED OFF TROY BY HIDING INSIDE THE BIG HORSE THE TROJANS HAULED INSIDE THEIR WALLS! A GOOD TRICK ALWAYS WORKS TWICE!

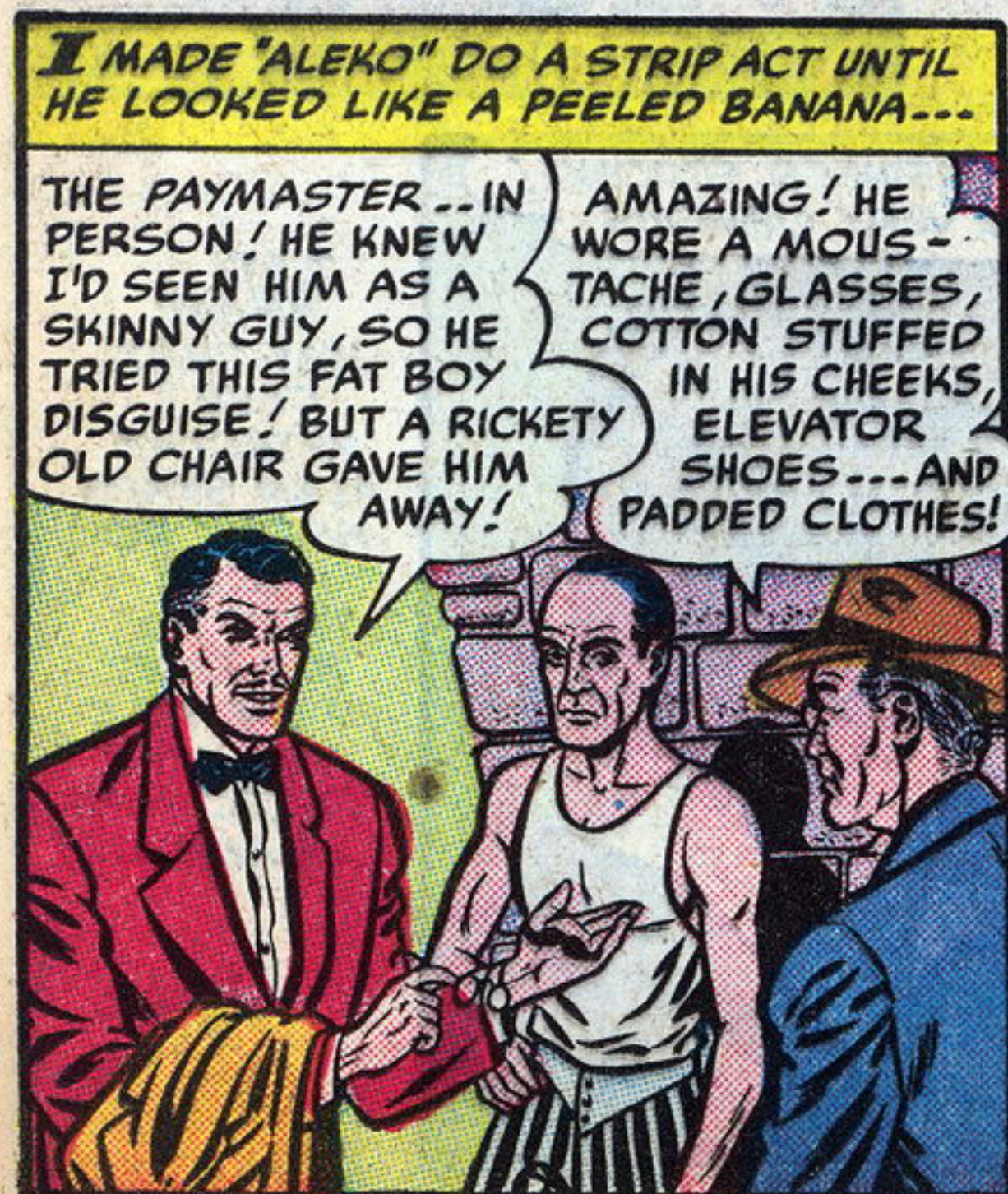


I UNCORKED THE DOOR AND OUR BOYS POURED IN!

YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST!

WE ARE FINISHED!



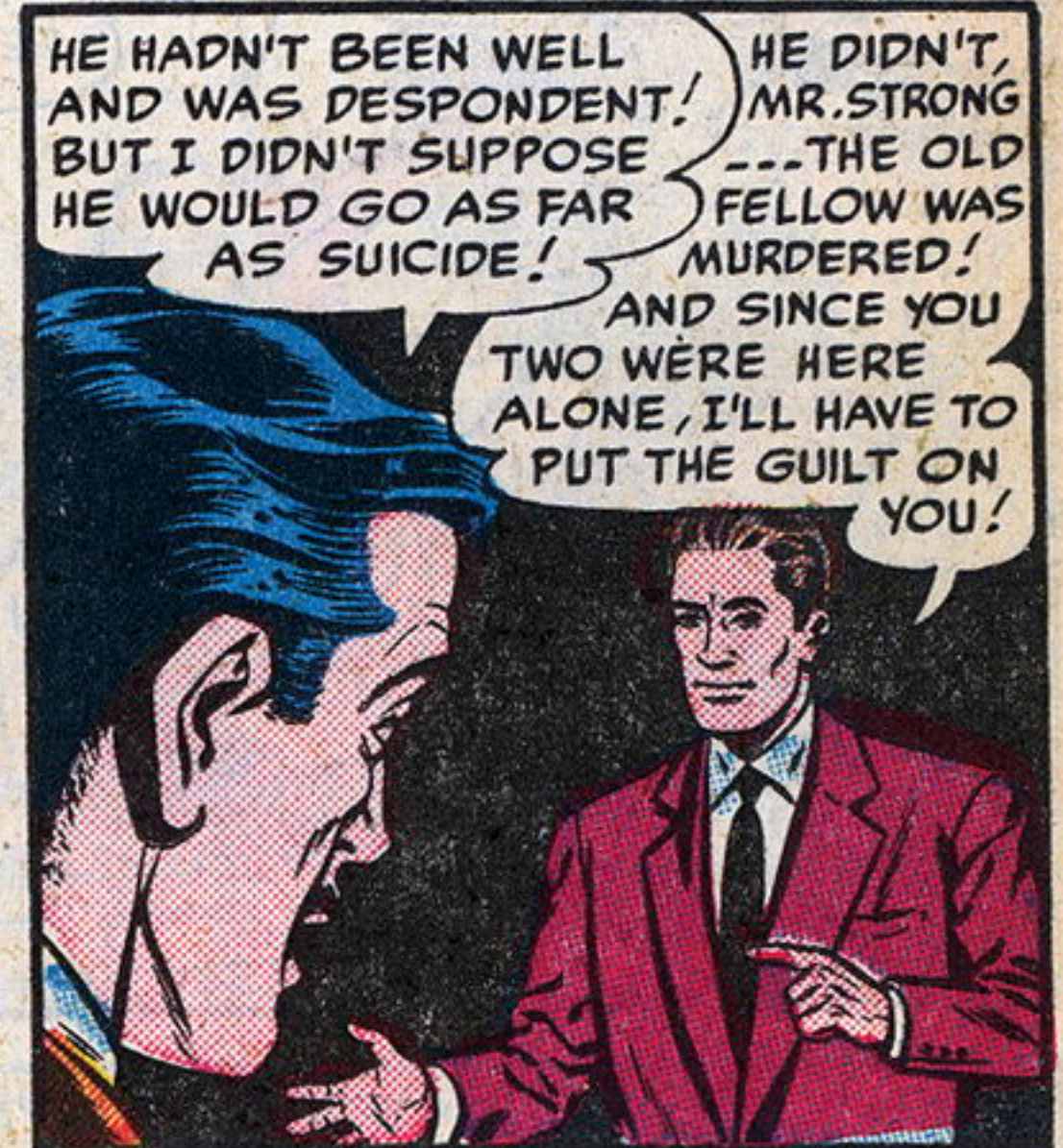
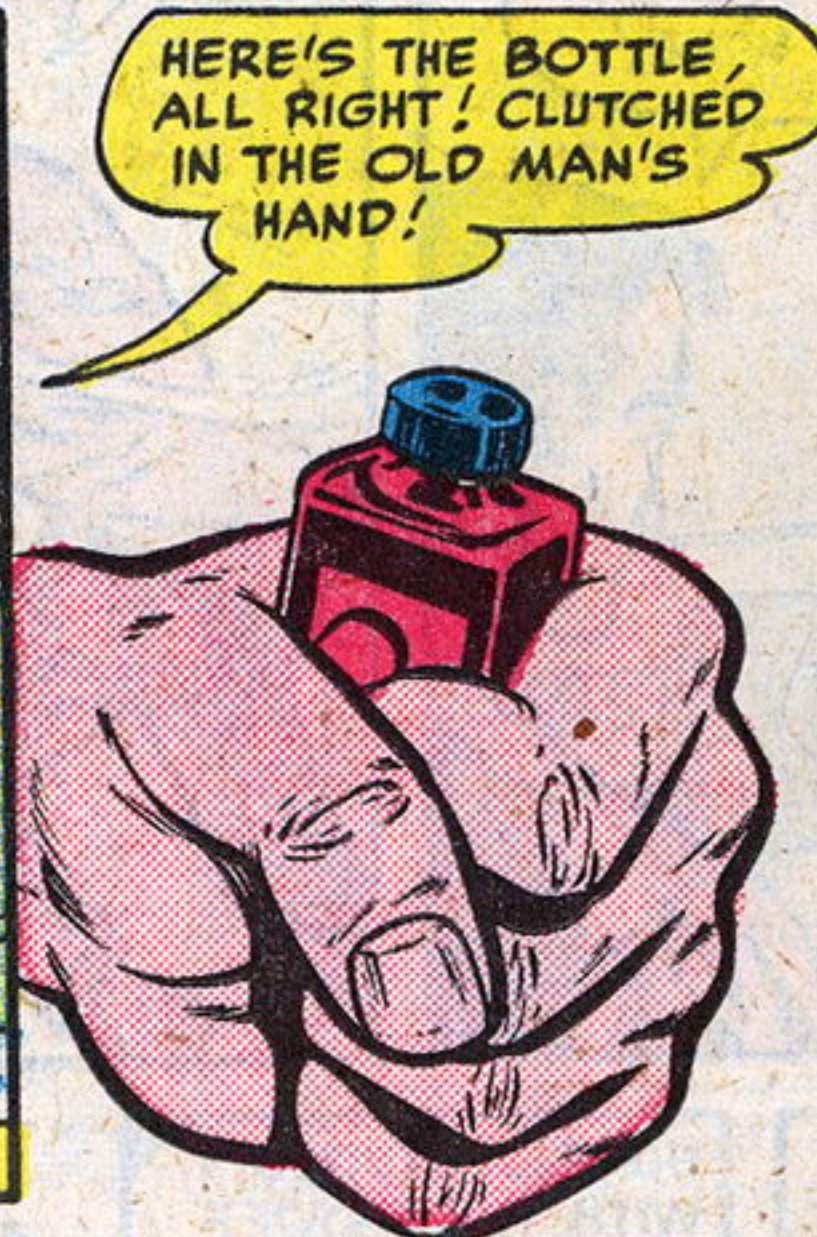
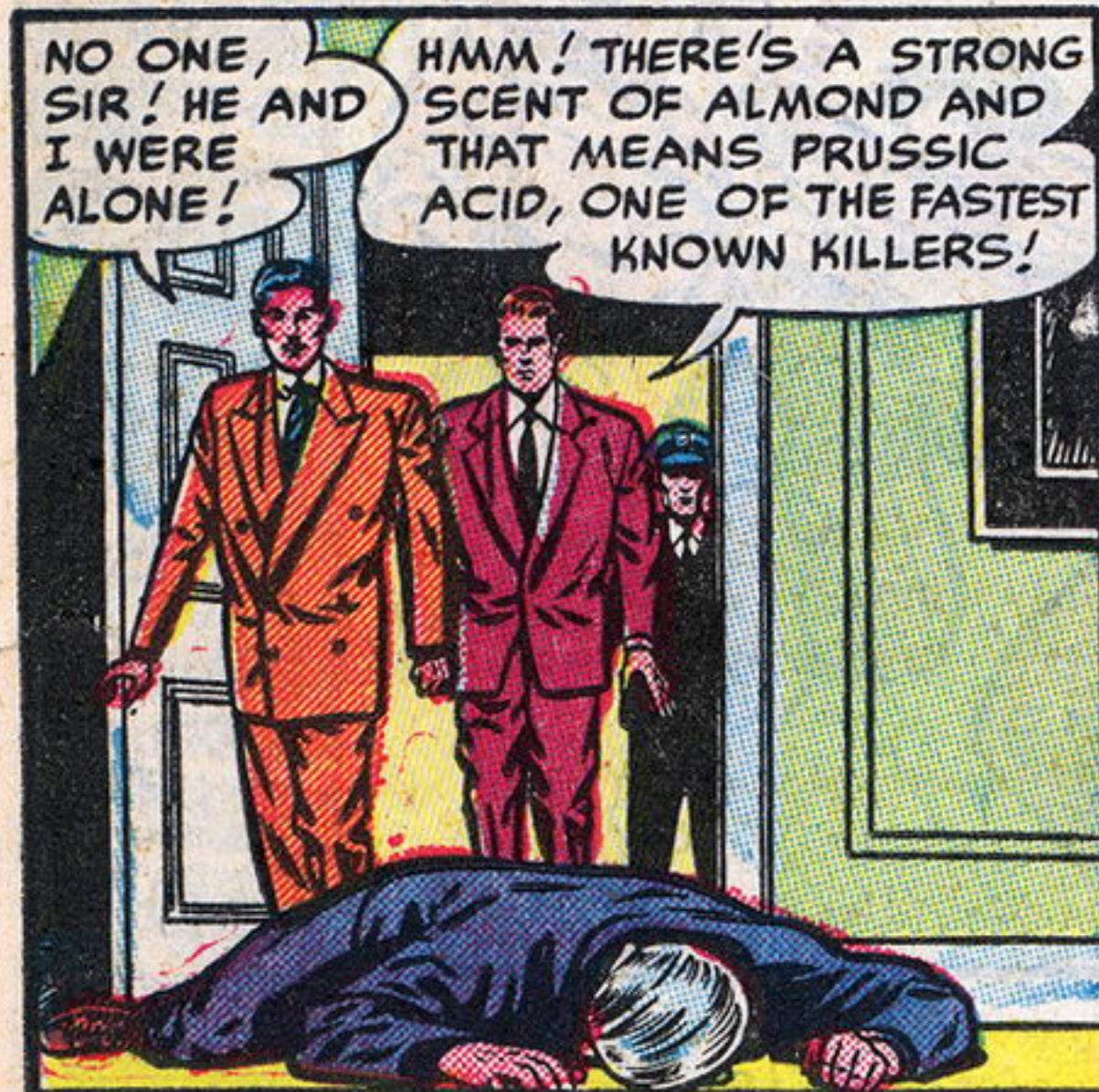
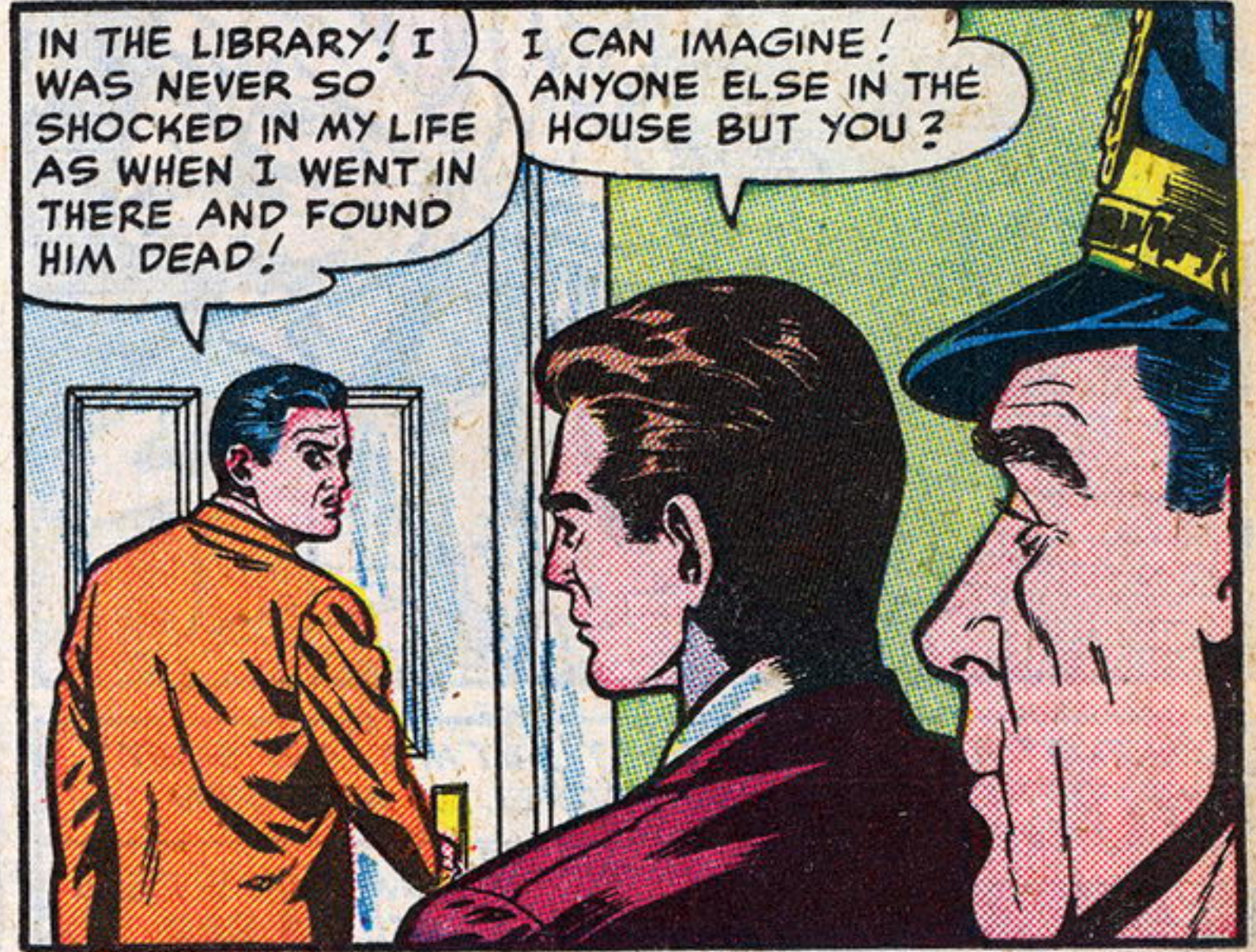


My JOB WAS FINISHED! NOW I COULD TAKE TIME OUT AND REALLY LOOK OVER OLD GREECE...



PICT-O-CRIME

WEALTHY OLD JONATHAN PRICE HAD APPARENTLY COMMITTED SUICIDE! OR COULD IT HAVE BEEN A CASE OF MURDER? DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES WAS QUICK TO SPOT THE CLUE! CAN YOU?



WHAT WAS THAT CLUE? DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES KNEW! DO YOU? TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE FOR THE WISE DETECTIVE'S EXPLANATION!

The Murder Weapon

SUICIDES are common in large cities and there seemed nothing strange or unusual about this one. There was still a heavy odor of gas in the small one room apartment and the victim lay stretched out on the bed. His name was Cid Mendez. He had been a small time bookie in the neighborhood and, from the comments of the neighbors, hadn't been doing too well lately. There were several he owed on bets, bets they would never collect, and it looked as though he had taken the easy way out.

The coroner finished his examination and turned to Detective Clem Ryan. "He's all yours," he said. "Asphyxiation from gas. Looks like a clear case of suicide. There are no signs of violence. If anything shows up in the autopsy, I'll let you know."

"Thanks," nodded Ryan. "I'll go through his effects and call this case closed."

The corpse was fully clothed. Ryan carefully went through his pockets and took out his personal belongings. There were only a few small bills and a little change and, in the wallet, a driver's license and a folded slip of paper. Ryan opened the paper and read: IF I AM FOUND DEAD, CHECK ON JIM BEGGS.

Ryan called his partner, Detective Art Jenkins. "Look at this," he said. "Funny note for a man who commits suicide to be carrying."

"Sure is," commented Jenkins. "Maybe he had it in for this guy and wanted to cause him trouble. Sort of a final vengeance."

"Could be," admitted Ryan, "or he may have had a real reason for being afraid of Beggs. Beggs lives in this building so let's get the janitor up here and talk to him since he was the one who discovered the body."

Jenkins brought in the small, frightened-looking janitor. "I don't know any more about this than I told you before," he protested. "I was cleaning the halls and I smelled gas so I traced it to this door and let myself in with a passkey. The gas heater was out but the gas valve was wide open. I turned it off and called for the police."

"Okay," said Ryan. "Now, do you know Jim Beggs?"

"Sure. He's another tenant here," answered the janitor. "His apartment is just across the court. You can see through his windows from this room."

"Was he a friend of Cid Mendez?" asked Ryan.

"Well, not exactly a friend. He placed a lot of bets with him. And I understand they had quite an argument about Mendez not paying off. But Beggs couldn't have had anything to do with this. This was suicide."

"I'll decide that," said Ryan. "Show me where the gas meters are located. I have a hunch."

The three men descended to the basement where

the meters were arranged in rows and marked for each apartment. Ryan inspected them carefully and then signaled for Jenkins to follow him.

"What's up?" asked Jenkins, looking puzzled.

"We're going to hunt for a murder weapon," Ryan replied as he knocked on the door of Jim Beggs' apartment. "Open up, Beggs," he yelled. "I want to talk to you about the murder of Cid Mendez."

"What are you yelling about, you crazy copper?" snarled a surly looking character as he opened the door. "Cid Mendez wasn't murdered. He committed suicide as everybody knows."

"Don't mind if we look around then," muttered Ryan as he pushed past Beggs and started searching the room. A few minutes later, he reached under the bed and pulled out a large pipe wrench.

"Well," he said to Beggs, "looks as if I found the murder weapon okay. Also looks as if you're going to take a trip to the hot seat."

"Hey, Ryan, are you nuts?" asked Jenkins. "How could this be anything but suicide?"

"It was supposed to look like suicide," explained Ryan, "but it wasn't. I knew that when I looked at those meters. Beggs had a smart plan. He could look into Mendez's apartment. He watched and waited. He saw Mendez come in and turn on the heater and then lie down and go to sleep. Then he went to the basement and turned off the gas to Mendez's apartment."

Jenkins looked even more puzzled. "But Mendez died of gas," he protested.

"Sure," continued Ryan. "Beggs knew that by turning off the gas, the flame would go out. Then he turned the gas on again and it escaped into the room and killed Mendez. I think when they make the microscopic comparison, the new marks on the turnoff valve of the meter will compare with the jaw marks of this wrench. Beggs here planned a perfect suicide, only it's going to be his own."

PICT-O-CRIME SOLUTION

"Prussic acid," explained Sykes later, "causes instant pain and convulsions! It would be impossible for a man to take it and then replace the cap on the bottle!"

Charles Stong finally confessed that he had been embezzling his employer's funds, had been found out, and that Mr. Price had threatened to prosecute! He had put the poison into a drink for the old fellow then placed the bottle in his hand after he died! It seemed like an easy way out but it wasn't! Stong will soon pay the penalty for murder!



DEATH AND VIOLENCE RAKE THE TEEMING JUNGLES OF ANATOA ISLAND AS A RUTHLESS DESPOT REVIVES PRIMITIVE HATES AND PASSIONS, TURNING THE NATIVES INTO BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGE KILLERS! FIGHTING TO FREE THE ISLANDERS FROM THIS TYRANT'S GRIP, THE **BLACKHAWKS** FACE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE VERY MEN THEY SEEK TO HELP! WHAT ESCAPE IS THERE FROM THIS DIABOLICAL **TERROR IN THE JUNGLE?**

DON'T MISS THE JULY ISSUE OF **BLACKHAWK**...

On Sale April 23rd

THE MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!

USUALLY IT IS THE OFFICERS AND SMART DETECTIVES WHO SOLVE THE BIG, SENSATIONAL CRIMES AND GET THEIR NAMES IN HEADLINES! LESS OFTEN SOME YOUNG, UNKNOWN COP, EXHIBITING KEEN INTELLIGENCE, STEALS THE SHOW FROM THE BIG BOYS! WITH NO THOUGHT OF GLORY... AND CERTAINLY NO FEAR OF DANGER... PATROLMAN JERRY KING BRAVED DEATH IN A NOBLE CAUSE IN...

ONE HEROIC HOUR



MIDNIGHT! A PISTOL SHOT, AND PATROLMAN JERRY KING IS LAUNCHED UPON A STRANGE ADVENTURE!

HEY! MUST BE A STICKUP!



WHEW! HE NEARLY GOT ME! NO LIGHTS, HUH?

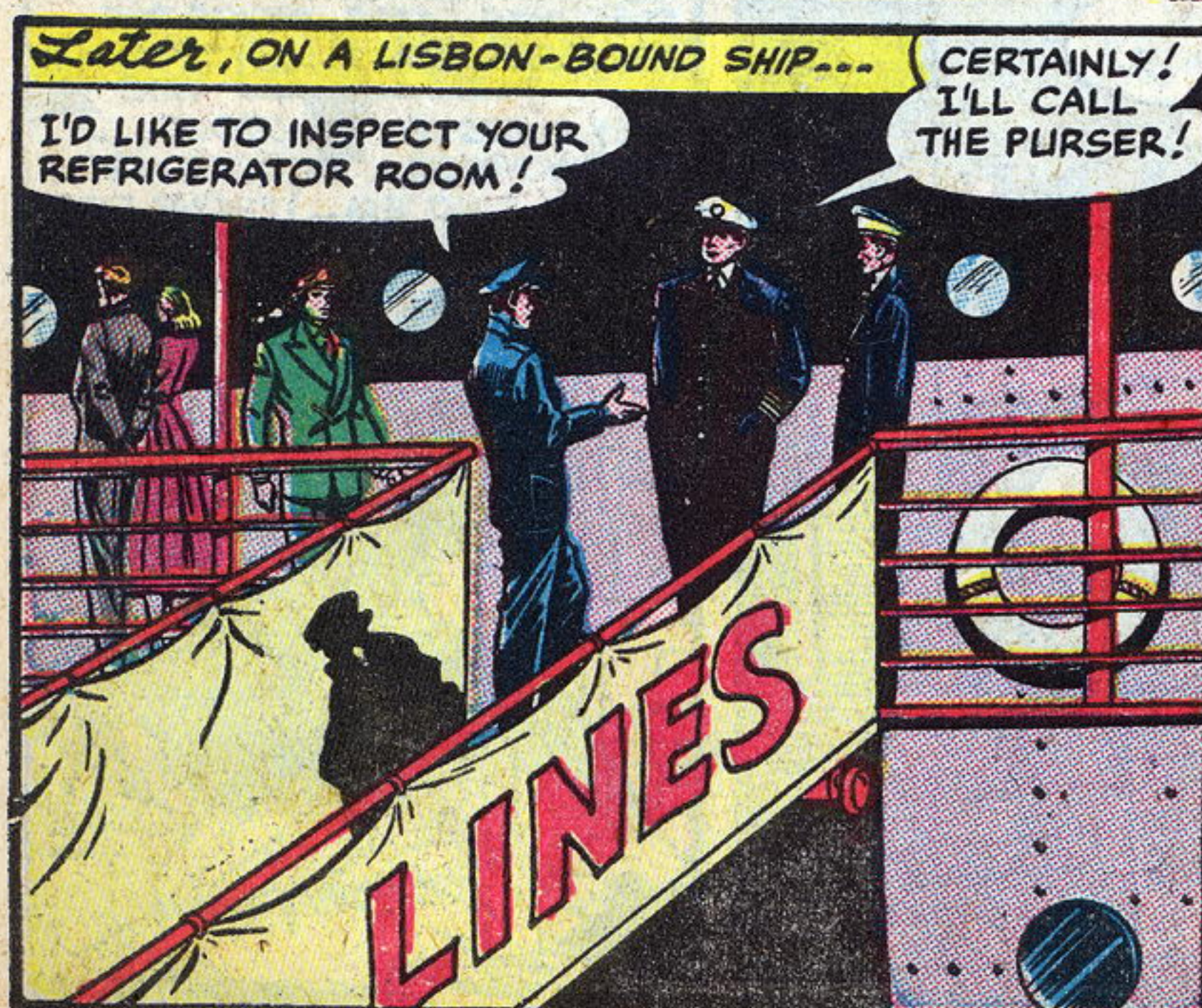
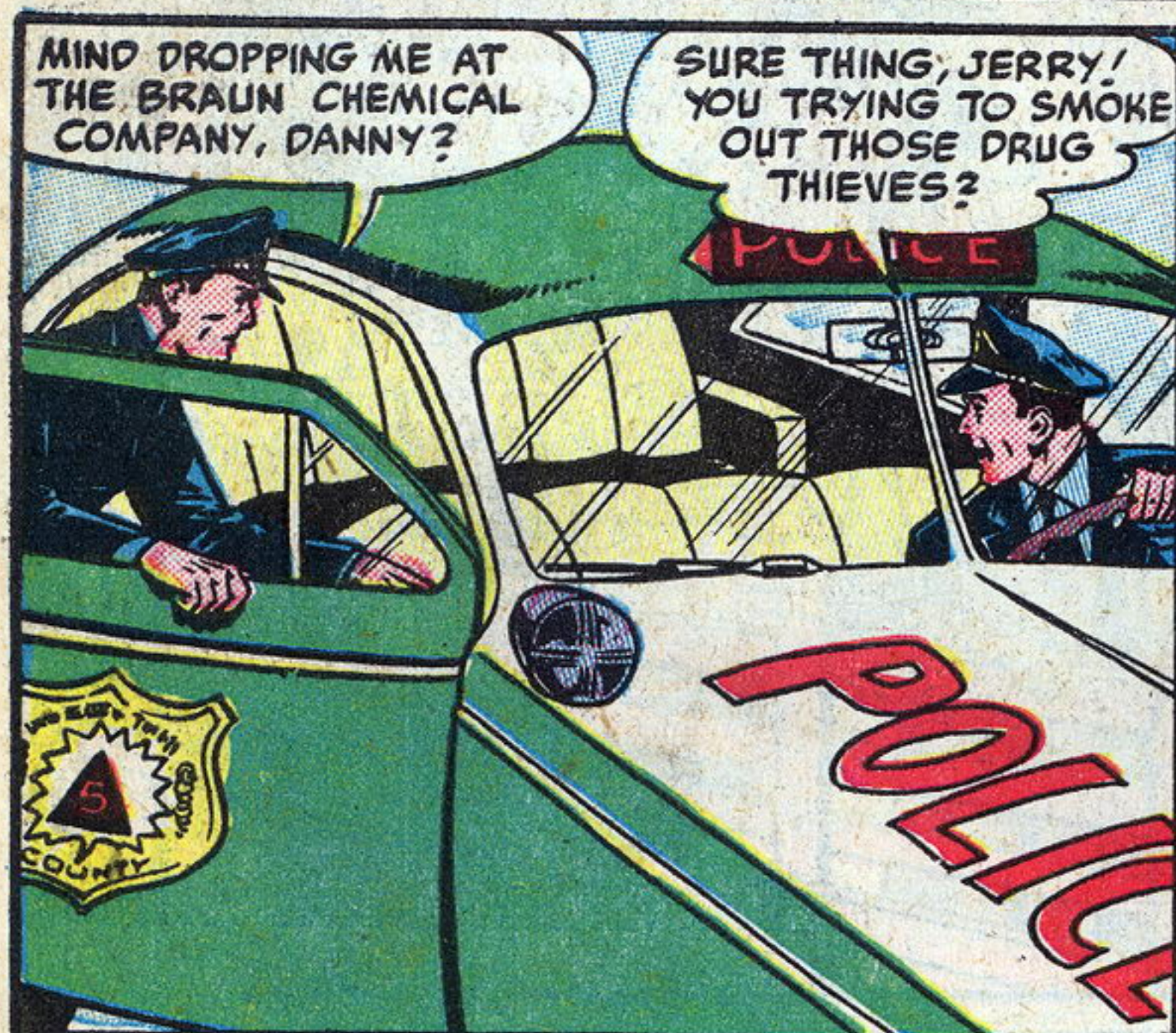


SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE CHEMICAL PLANT...

THEY... STOLE THE "WONDER DRUG"! FIND 'EM... OR CHILDREN DIE!

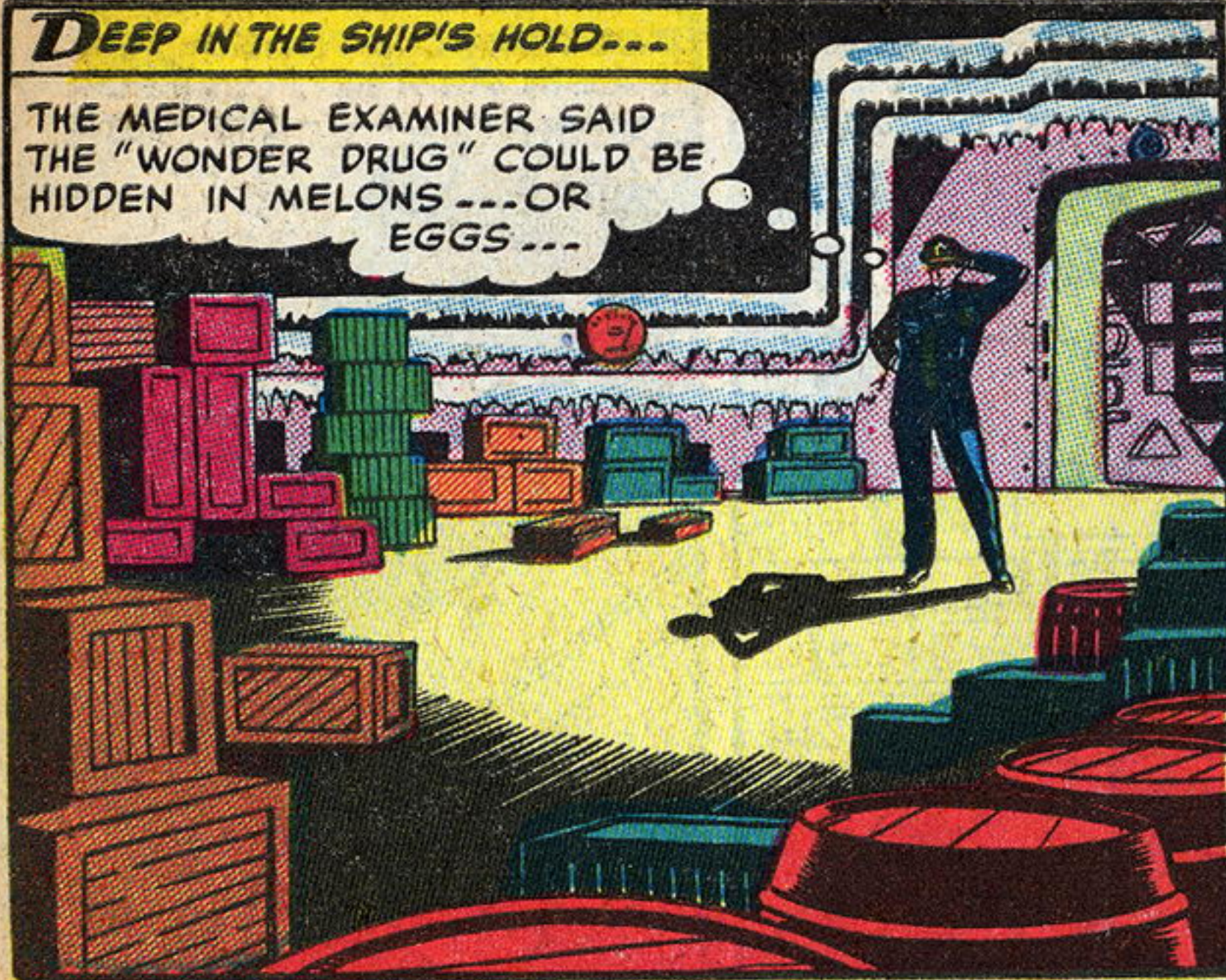
WHO STOLE... WAIT, I'LL PHONE FOR THE AMBULANCE!





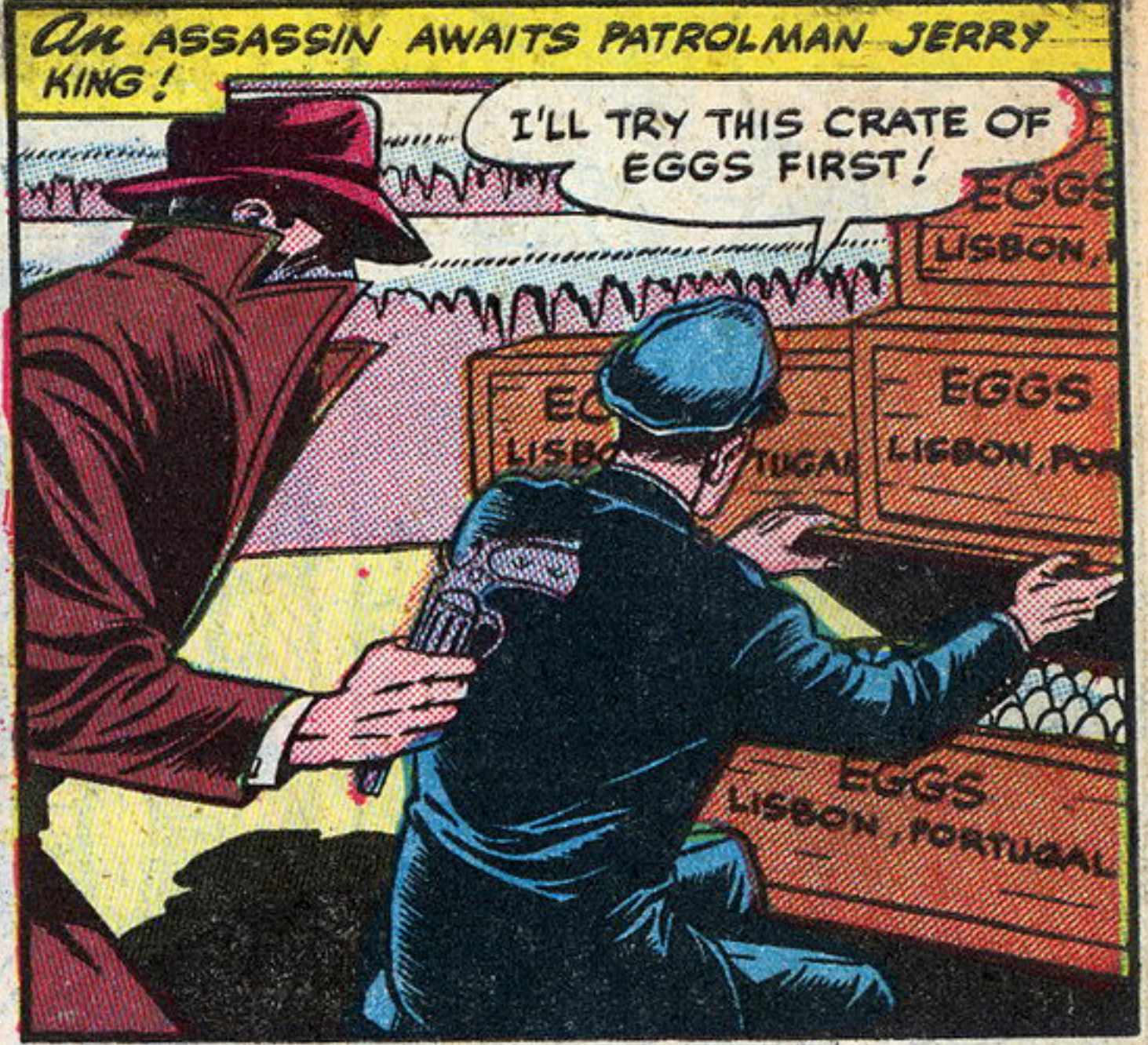
DEEP IN THE SHIP'S HOLD...

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAID THE "WONDER DRUG" COULD BE HIDDEN IN MELONS...OR EGGS...



AN ASSASSIN AWAITS PATROLMAN JERRY KING!

I'LL TRY THIS CRATE OF EGGS FIRST!



TOP LAYER'S OKAY! NOW, THE NEXT LAYER...AH, HERE'S THE "WONDER DRUG"!

NO, YOU DON'T, COPPER!



GRAWWWK! WHY, YOU SNEAKING SKUNK!



And THEN A WILD RACE BEGINS!

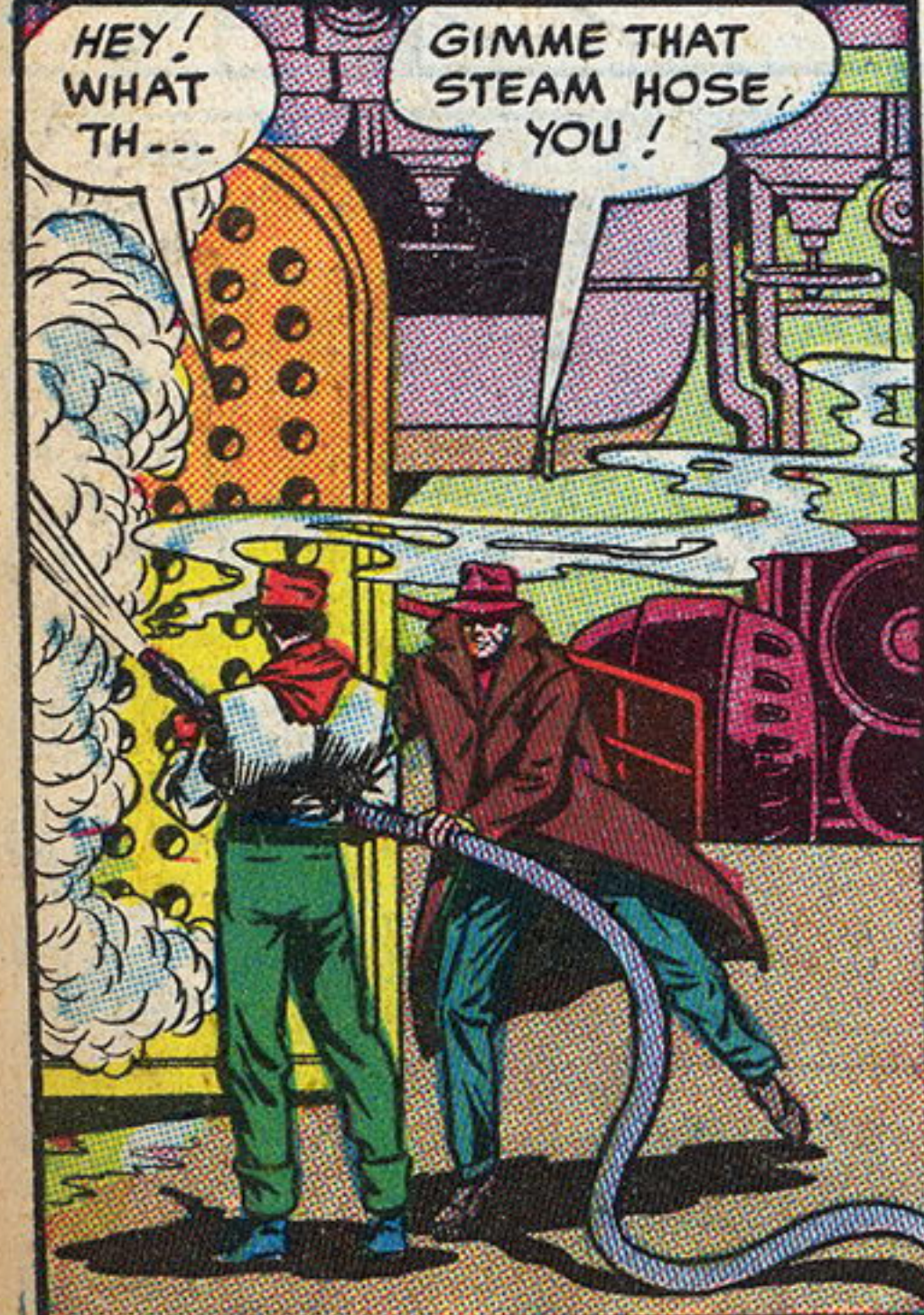
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!

YEAH? PUFF-PUFF SEZ YOU!



HEY! WHAT TH...

GIMME THAT STEAM HOSE, YOU!

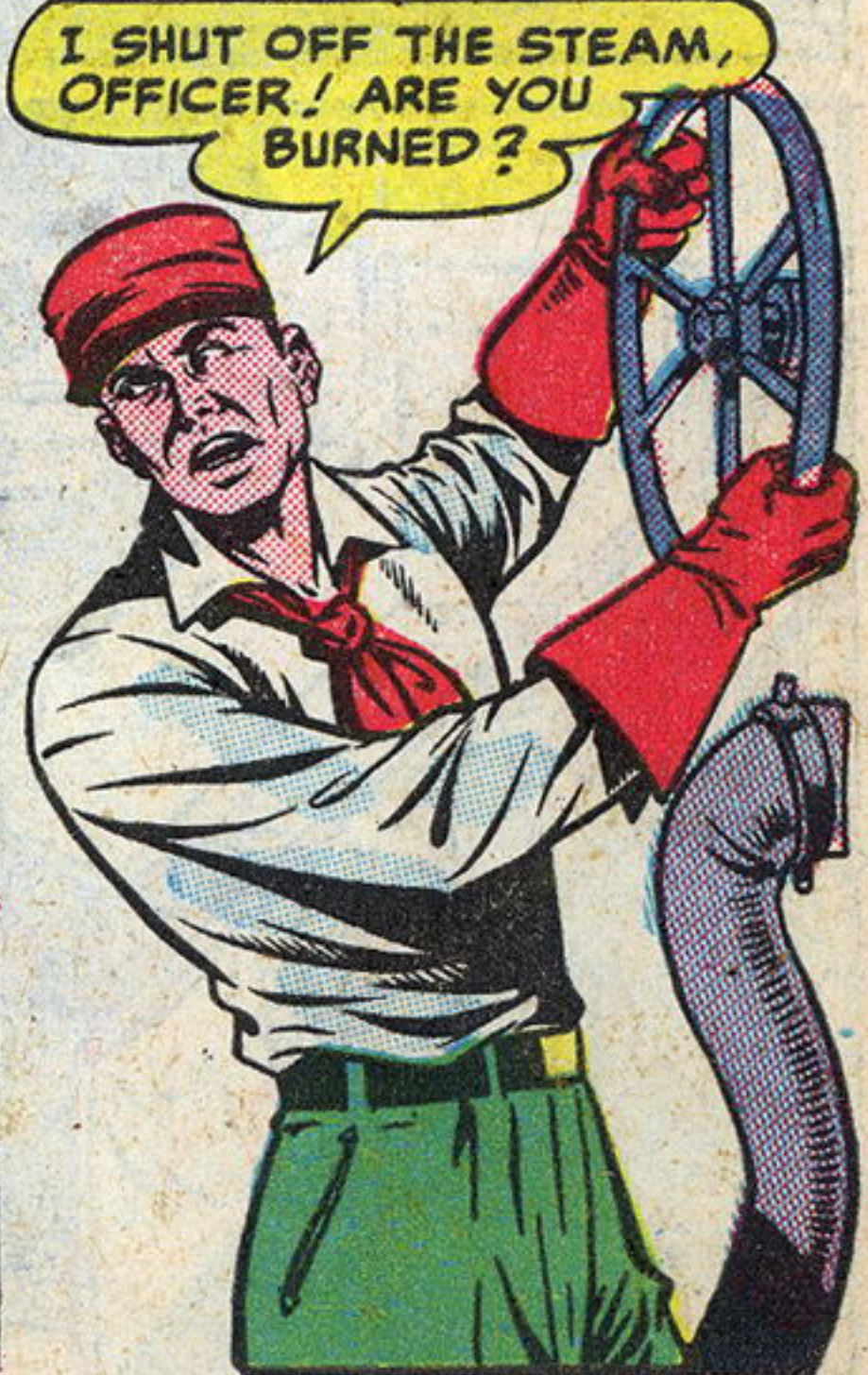


OWWW!

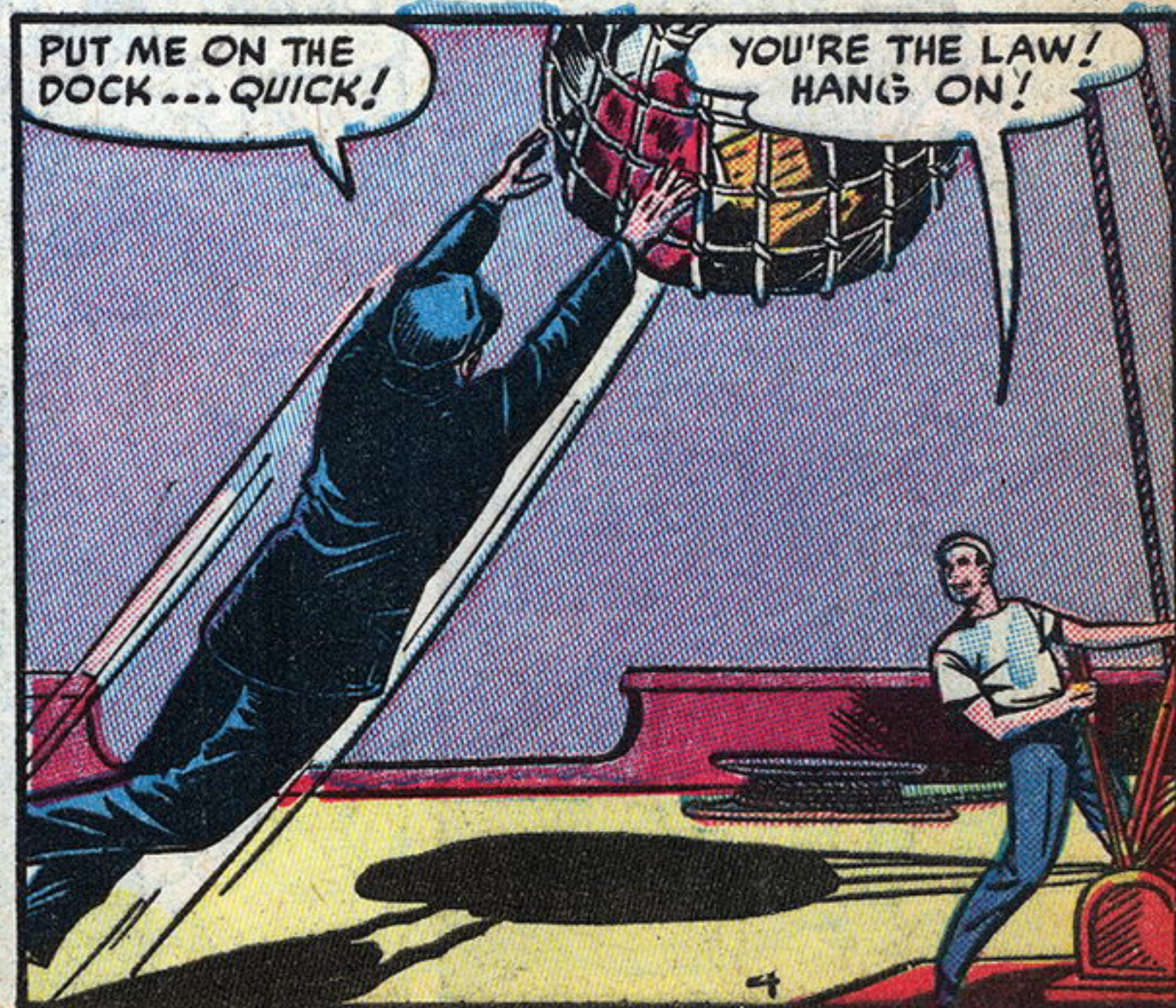
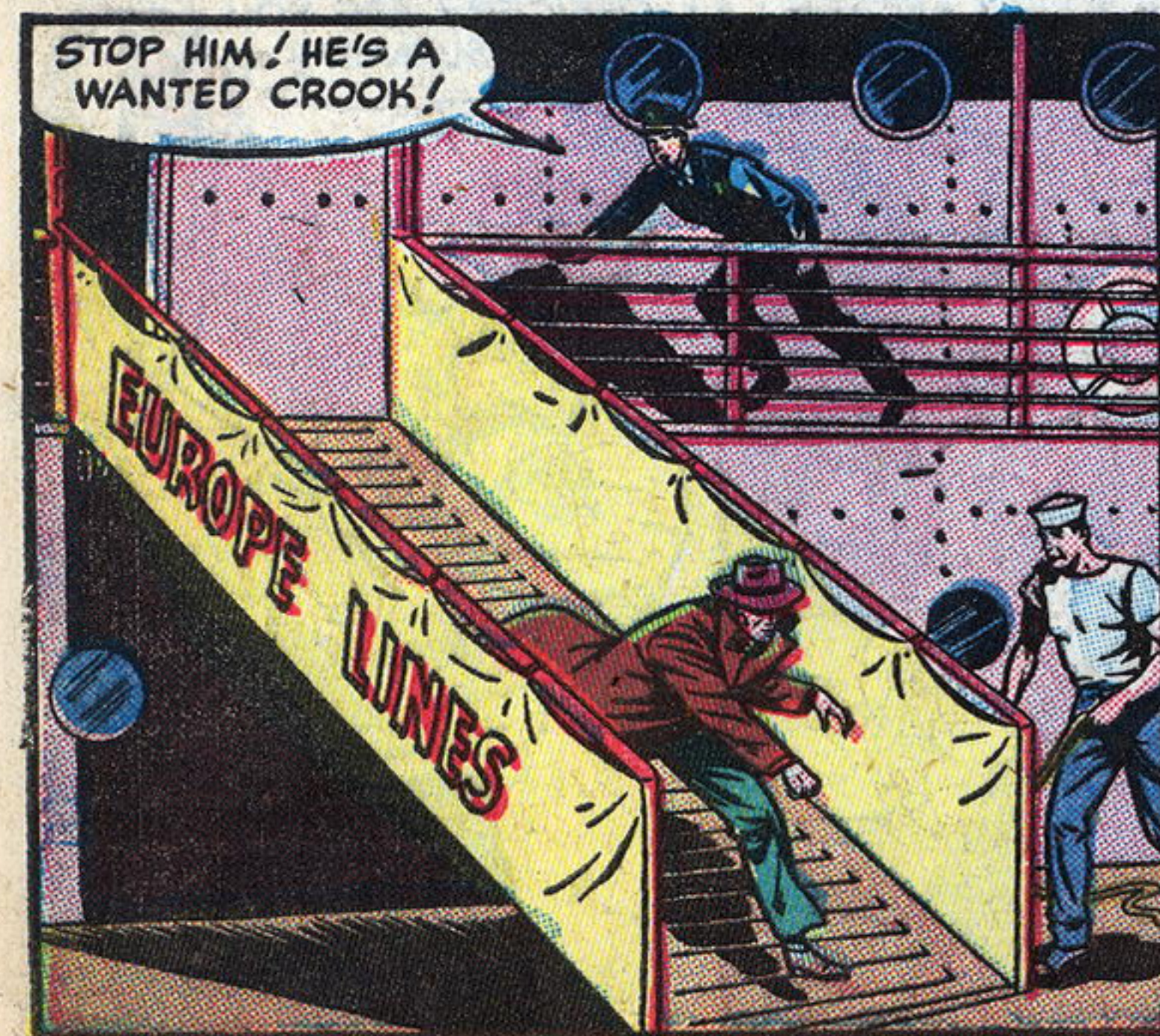
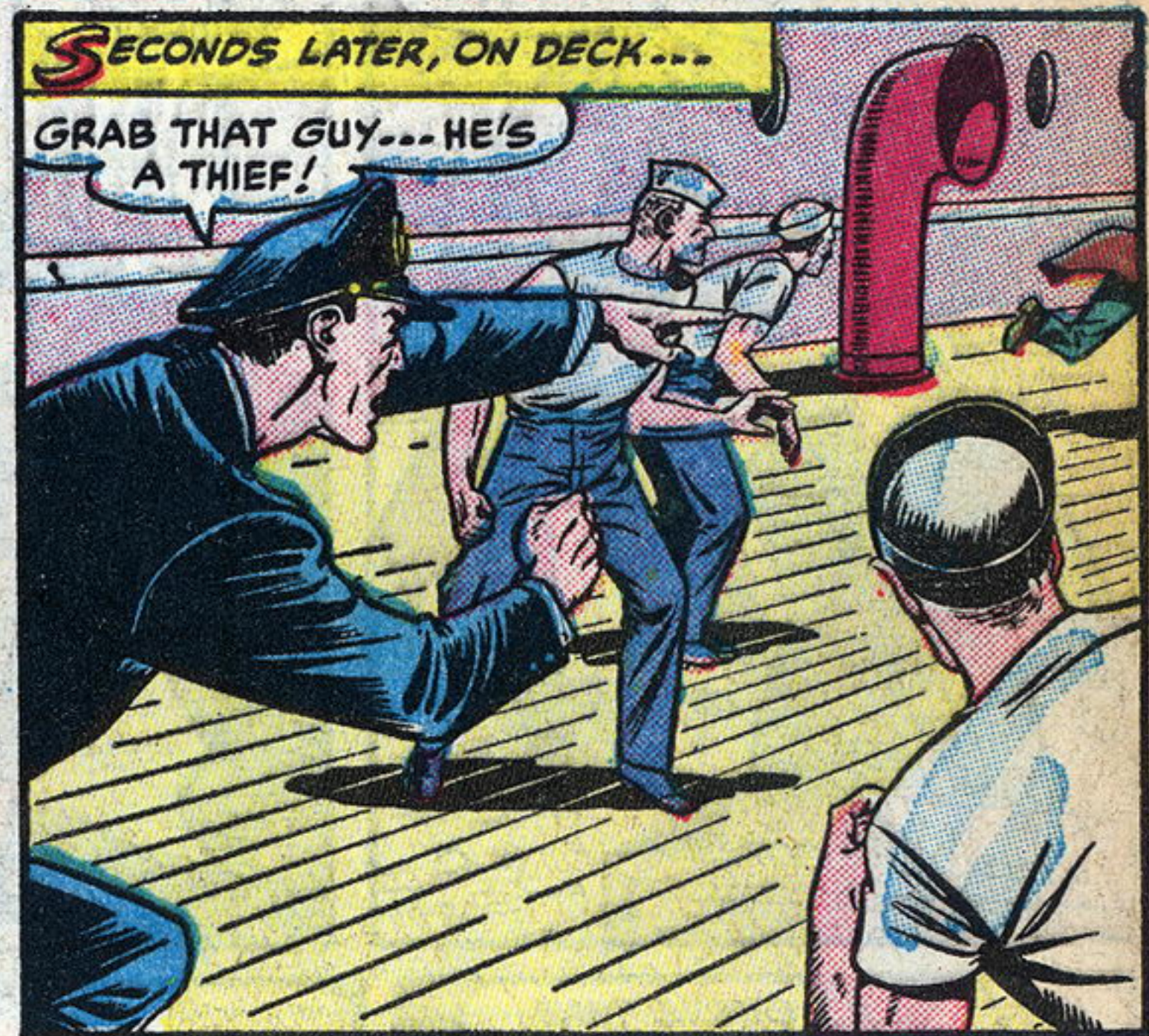
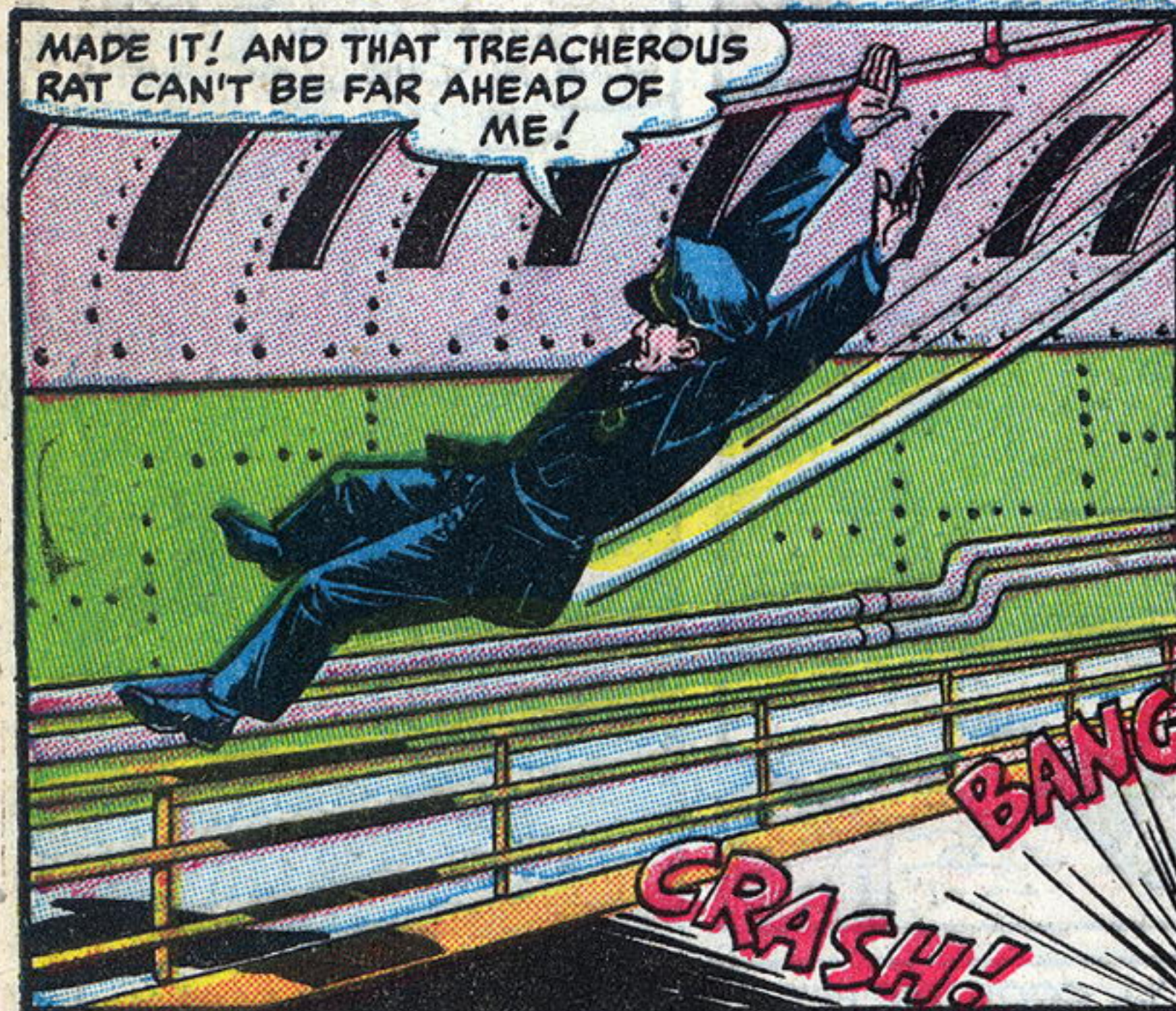
I'LL COOK THE FAT OFF YOUR CARCASS, YOU...

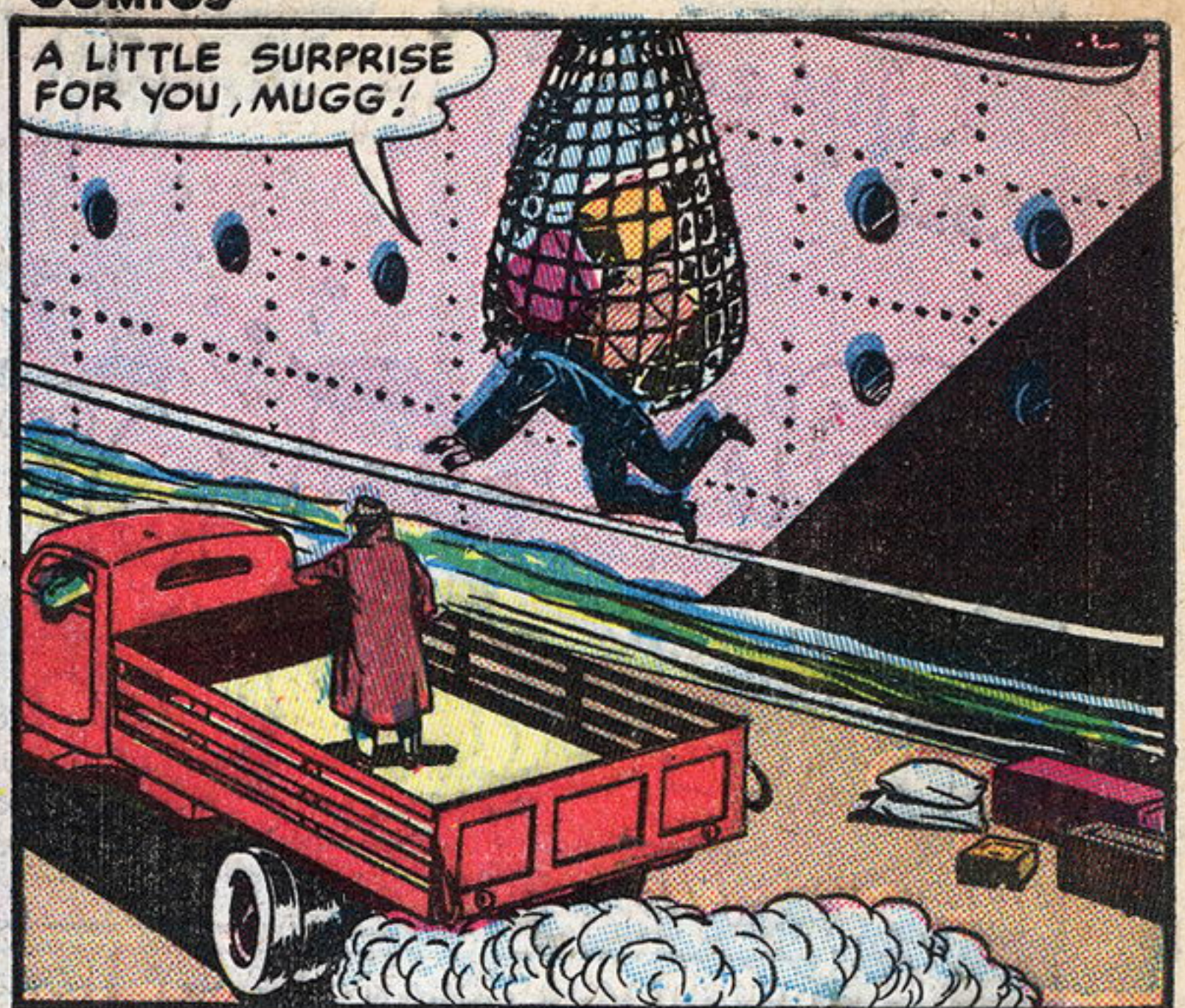
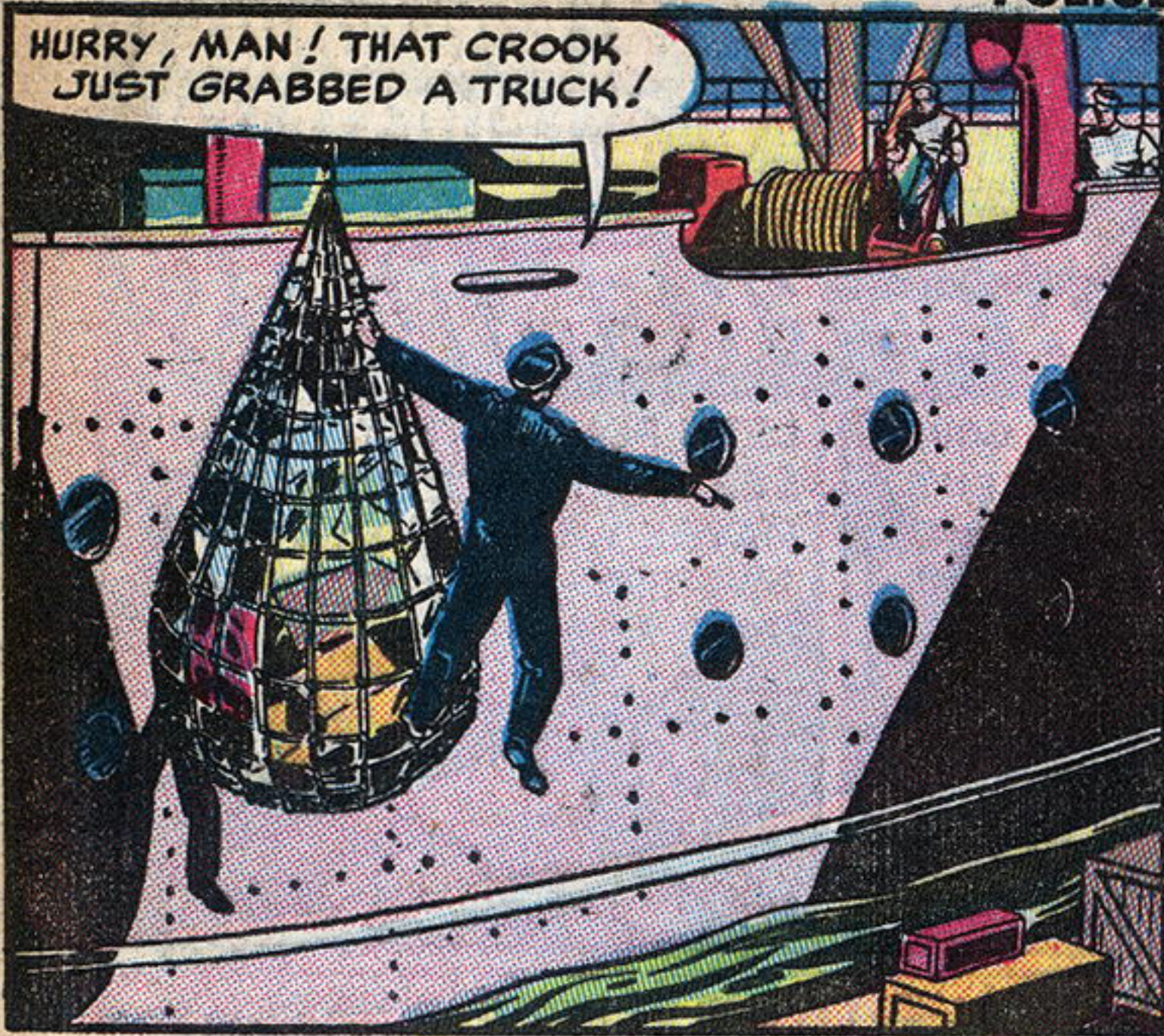


I SHUT OFF THE STEAM, OFFICER! ARE YOU BURNED?



POLICE COMICS





JIM and BETTY
SOLVE THE "MYSTERY"
OF PETE'S FORTUNE!

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU
CASH OR **PREMIUMS!**

HOW DOES
PETE DO IT?

HE'S GOT A
TELESCOPE-
A NEW
WATCH-
CASH!

LOOK! HE'S GOING
TO MRS. GREEN'S
HOUSE-

LET'S PLAY "DETECTIVES" AN'
SEE WHAT PETE'S UP TO--
MAYBE WE CAN SOLVE THIS
MYSTERY-

OUR
57th YEAR

SHHH! MRS. GREEN'S
OPENING THE
DOOR NOW--

OF COURSE I'LL BUY A BOX OF WHITE
CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, PETE-
AND THIS ART PICTURE
WHICH YOU'RE
GIVING ME
REALLY IS
A BEAUTY!

THANKS, MRS.
GREEN! THAT'S
THE FIFTH BOX I'VE
SOLD TODAY-IT'S EASY
AND IT'S FUN!

GOSH!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS-THAT'S HOW
I EARNED MY WATCH AND OTHER
SWELL PREMIUMS! NOW I'M
WORKING FOR A BIKE!

YOU CAN
TOO!

WOW!
LET'S SEND
IN THAT
COUPON
QUICK!

ACT NOW!

BE FIRST!

Candid
Cameras
with Carrying Cases, Complete Cub
Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid)
Give pictures with White
CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neigh-
bors, relatives
at 25c a box
(with picture)
to start.

ACT
NOW!

Aluminum Ware, Blankets, Alarm
Clocks (sent postage paid). Mail
coupon for Salve and pictures
to start.

57th
YEAR!

ACT
NOW!

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Dolls,
Footballs (sent postage paid). Other
premiums or Cash Commission easily
yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White
CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold
at 25c a box (with picture) and remit
per catalog sent with starting order.

LET'S
GO!

BIG CATALOG!

ACT
NOW!

WE
TRUST YOU

MAIL

NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. C-108, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as
explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid
to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

ACT
NOW!



OUR
57th YEAR

22 Calibre
Rifles, 1000-Shot
Daisy Air Rifles (sent post-
age paid). Boys-girls
Bicycles-tearpress charges col.
lect. Write or
mail coupon to start.

OUR
57th YEAR



MAIL
COUPON!

Pocket
Watches, Footballs
Food Choppers, Carving Sets
(sent postage paid). Write or mail
coupon to start.

OUR
57th YEAR!

Loveable
fully dressed Dolls
over 15" in height, Ukuleles,
Wrist Watches, Telescopes
(sent postage paid). Write
or mail coupon
to start.

WE ARE RELIABLE!
MAIL
COUPON!

OUR
57th YEAR

22 Calibre
Rifles, 1000-Shot
Daisy Air Rifles (sent post-
age paid). Boys-girls
Bicycles-tearpress charges col.
lect. Write or
mail coupon to start.

OUR
57th YEAR



MAIL
COUPON!

SEND NO
MONEY!
BE
FIRST

ACT
NOW!

OUR 57th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE!

POWERFUL ELECTRIC MOTOR

Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

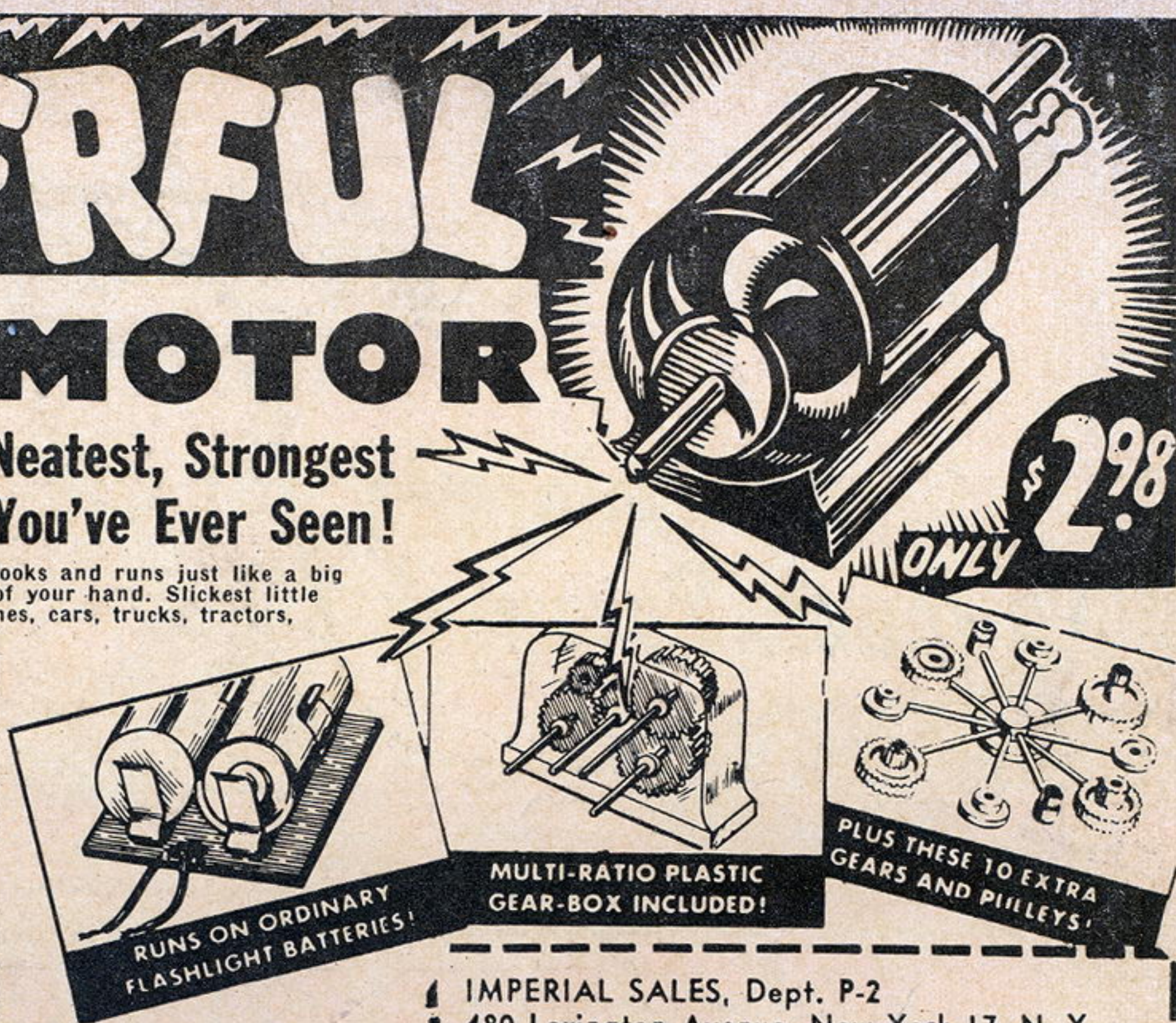
This amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Slickest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans — or whatever else you want to make GO with the flip of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gear box and gears come to you—ready to purr with smooth power the minute you hook it up! Measures only 1x1 1/4 inches; weighs only an ounce. Turns up close to 7,000 r.p.m.'s! REVERSES instantly, too! Motor is in durable housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gear box—PLUS ten extra gears—pulleys for working ratios—up to 80-to-1.

It's Entirely SAFE! It's EDUCATIONAL! It's More FUN Than a Barrel of Monkeys!

Think of the fun you can have with this brand new all-purpose MIGHTY MIDGET electric motor! Think how many different ways you can hitch it up to run things—with gears, direct-drive, or with pulleys and "belt-drive" arrangements. There's no end to its uses! Be the first in your crowd to own this powerful new MIGHTY MIDGET Motor! You'll be the envy of the gang. No Shocks. No Shorts. No Transformer. Mail coupon below, NOW, without any money. Or, (if coupon has already been clipped by someone else before you) simply send \$2.98 as payment in full for motor and complete outfit sent POSTPAID as described above.

IMPERIAL SALES CO.

480 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
Money back if you are not fully satisfied and return outfit in good condition within 10 days.



JUST SHOW THIS AD TO YOUR DAD!

You can take it to school for demonstrations in the classroom—SEE the laws of Science and principles of Engineering AT WORK!

IMPERIAL SALES, Dept. P-2

480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush me the "whole works" at once. I will pay postman only \$2.98, plus few cents postage, as payment in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

() **SAVE POSTAGE!** Check here if you are **ENCLOSING** \$2.98 as payment in full, in which case we will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee applies, of course!

TELL TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY



This OLD FASHIONED SWISS WEATHERHOUSE is GUARANTEED to Predict changes in the weather UP TO 24 HOURS in ADVANCE. Beautifully hand colored. This handsome replica SWISS WEATHERHOUSE makes a wonderful addition to any home. Use them in each room. Men, Women, Children, Farmers, City Dwellers will all check the Weather Wizard for tomorrow's weather and temperature. Just watch the figures appear in the doorway. When the WITCH appears—BEWARE—there is Bad Weather ahead. When the Little Boy and Girl appear—look for sunny skies and balmy days. Now YOU can Be a Weather Prophet and predict tomorrow's weather today. You can plan your day ahead when you know what the weather will be in advance.

ONLY

\$1.98
each

2 for \$3.50

Tear Off COUPON and MAIL NOW!

IMPERIAL SALES CO., Dept. P-1

480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me _____ WEATHER WIZARDS.

☐ I enclose payment. ☐ Send C.O.D.

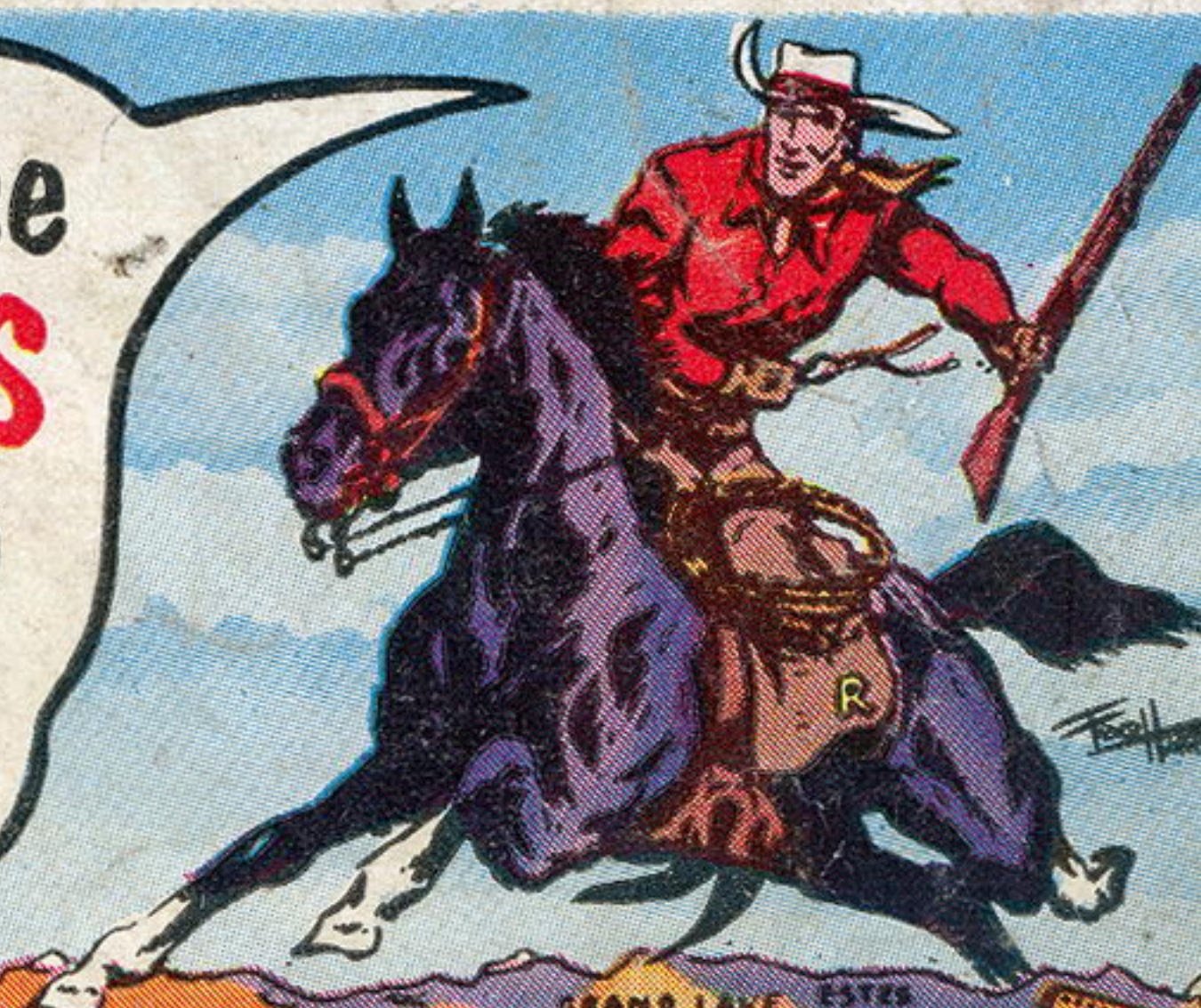
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Address _____

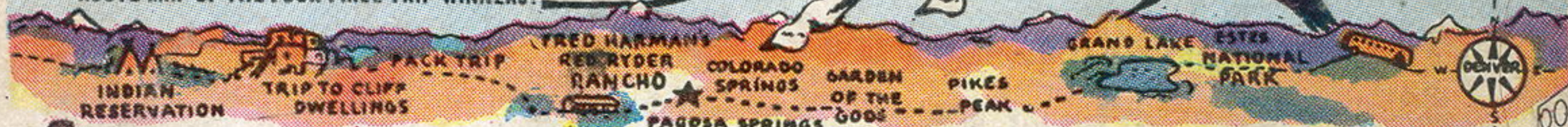
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Enclose check, money order or cash with your order and we will pay postage. On C.O.D. orders you pay postman plus postal charges.

Win one of these
4 FREE TRIPS
to my Colorado
ranch, Partner!
—Red Ryder



ROUTE MAP OF THE FOUR PRIZE TRIP WINNERS!



257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

in this exciting New Nation-wide

DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST

PARDNER!
Get Your
FREE
CONTEST
KIT
at your
DAISY
DEALER
or **MAIL**
COUPON!

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

NEW!



DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER
WIN one! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Peep-and-Open Rearsight with Elevation, Windage adjusters! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

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Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided that* they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee WITH their Contest Targets *before midnight, May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to WIN!



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WIN one! Take-down model. "Gold-engraved" jacket. A 50 shot forced-feed pump action repeater with hard wooden stock, fore-end.



RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

WIN one! Daisy's famous 1000-shot repeater that looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

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I enclose unused 3c stamp
to help pay mailing cost. RUSH
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A painting of a woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple and blue striped towel, lying on her back on a white towel. She is holding a white rotary telephone receiver to her ear with her right hand. Her legs are raised and bent at the knees. The background is a light blue-grey gradient. A large speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. Two small circles lead from the speech bubble to her head.

I GOTTA GET
RID OF THIS
JERK...THERE'S
A NEW
JONSCAN TO
DOWNLOAD!